Miss L. A. Allen

For your Wife, Daughter, Sister, or Friend.

APRIL.

# THE LADY'S
# Home Magazine

OF LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION.

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR and VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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## HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1857.

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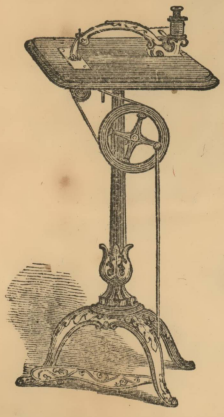
Besides a large amount of choice reading matters, elegant engravings, and a great variety of needlework patterns, the Home Magazine for 1857, contains the whole of Miss Townsend's beautiful novel, entitled "LOOK OUT;" and the first seventeen chapters of THE YOUNG GOVERNESS, by Mr. Arthur.



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ITALIAN PEASANT BOY.

PRINTED BY D. STEVENS

HOME MAGAZINE APRIL 1858.

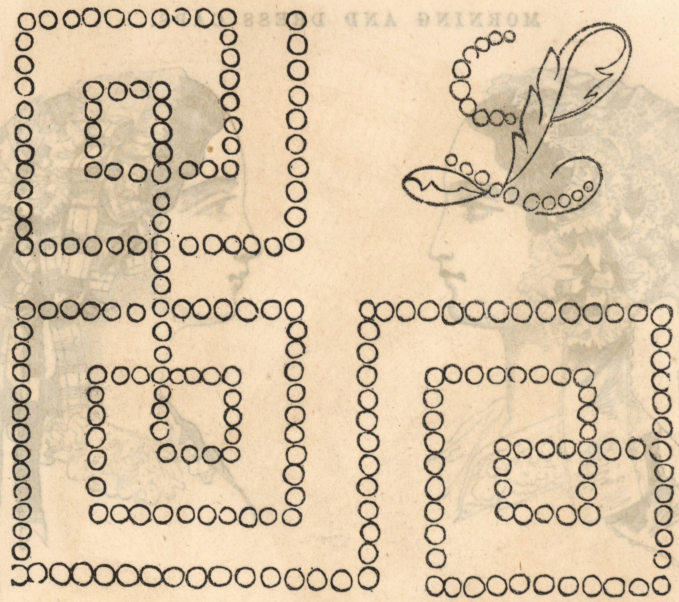
## MORNING AND DRESS CAPS.

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

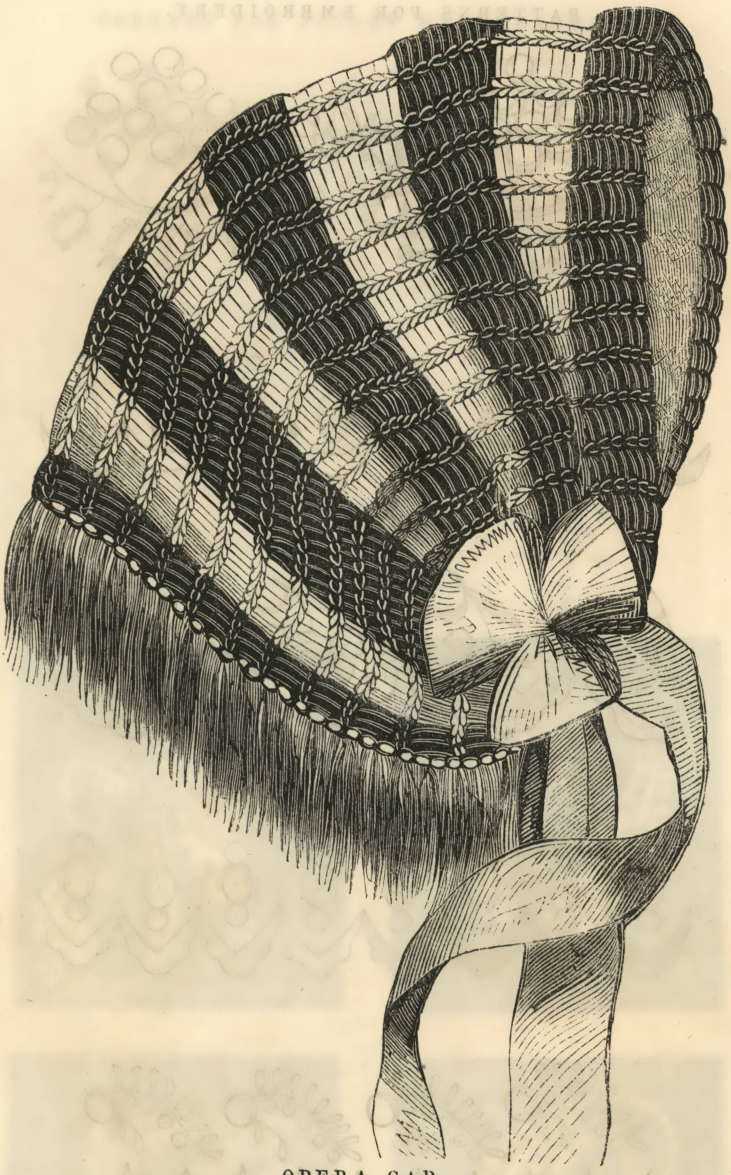
No. 4.



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

TRIMMING SUITABLE FOR WORKING IN SWISS MUSLIN.

**The stars around the edge should have a piece of jaconet underneath, which is afterwards cut away. but which produces a heavy edge.**

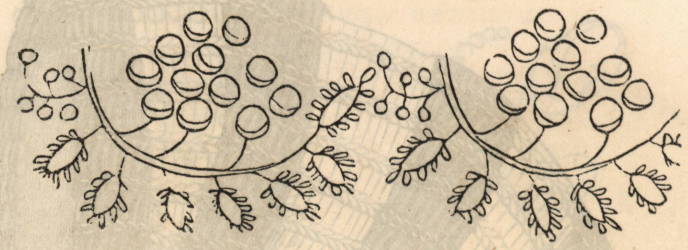


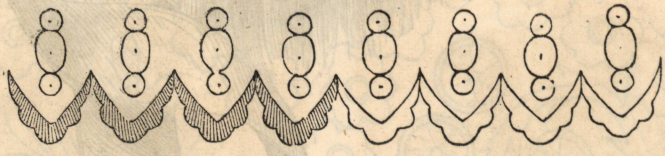
OPERA CAP.

These caps look the prettiest when of two colors. The material is single Berlin wool. Scarlet and white contrast extremely well. To commence, cast on seventy-two loops on the smallest sized ivory needles, with the scarlet wool; knit and purl until you have five rows knitted on the right side: this forms one stripe. Take the white wool and repeat this, only reversing the stripe; continue this process until you have nine stripes, purled and knitted alternately; five of the scarlet, four of the white. Before casting off, prepare as follows: take the first loop upon your needle, drop the second, take the third, and so on to the end of the row, taking care to avoid any mistake, which would be the ruin of the whole. The first and the last loops must of course be preserved. You will now have just half the original number of loops upon your needle. Cast off, leaving the wool very loose. Afterwards assist the dropped loops to run down. This makes a very simple but very pretty stitch in knitting.

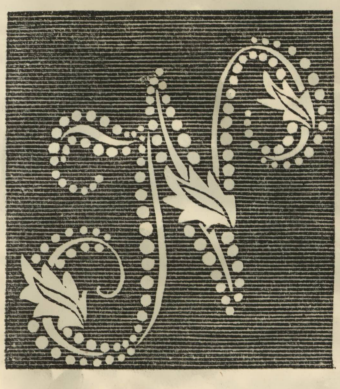
The fringe is now to be added, which is done by looping lengths of wool through the stitches just cast off, and slipping the ends through the loop, so as to form a knot.

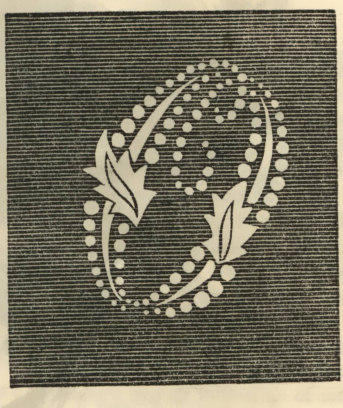
The ends of the knitted pieces are now to be gathered up with a needle, the ribbon string attached, a pretty rosette of the same sewed on, over the gathering up, and this useful little article is completed.

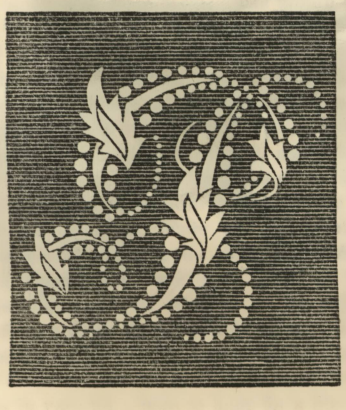




Ellen







THE LADY'S

# Home Magazine

OF LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1858

## ART AND NATURE.—No. I.

In the Golden Age of the World, men's faces, we are told, indexed at all times their thoughts, feelings, and qualities, with unerring certainty. Since that time, as man has declined from original integrity, and the inconvenience of having the true character read by every one has increased, the muscles of the countenance have been schooled by art to express emotions that have no existence, and to conceal states of feeling, or purposes, that, if known, would mar selfish interests, or frustrate darling schemes. And so the face has been taught the art of putting on hypocritical semblances.

But Nature never permits an outrage without retaliation in some form. The villain may cloak, the hypocrite dissemble, and the false friend put on deceiving smiles; but the true thought and the true purpose will do its work on the facial lines, and gradually, but surely fix in permanence an inscription that all who choose may read. In youth and early manhood the evil and selfish purposes of an individual may conceal themselves behind the entrenchment of a well made up countenance; but, as years progress, the ever active mind within chisels the face into lines of true expression, seen first when it is in repose, and afterwards as the invariable representation of the life's true quality, reflecting the character at all times and under all circumstances.

It is in vain for a man to hope for a life-long concealment of his true character. The action of mind upon matter is a never ceasing effort to fix upon ultimate things a representation of its true quality; and this is why old men and old women gradually grow beautiful or deformed, as they advance in years. True, good, noble, humane and heavenly thoughts and affections mould the face into beauty, and false, evil, ignoble, cruel and infernal thoughts and affections mould the face into their own image, which is always repulsive.

How wonderfully the true artist, by a few skilful touches of his pencil, can give to the beholder's eye an indication of character. But Nature had to do the still more wonderful work first, tracing the lines of which he is but the copyist.

Look into the faces on the page opposite. The scene represents an aunt and uncle welcoming a nephew and niece on a visit to their home. We need not tell the reader that both aunt and uncle are worldly, heartless, selfish and hypocritical, nor that their overacted welcome is insincere. Nature has overcome Art, and written the truth on every lineament, in every gesture, attitude and expression. Their warmly expressed delight springs not from the good they hope to bestow, but from the good they hope to gain. Study the faces, reader; there is a lesson in them for you, if you will take it to heart.

O. P. Q.

# POPULAR FLOWERS.

A LOVE of flowers seems to be a part of our common nature, implanted in almost every breast in almost every clime. Is it not possible that this feeling, so general, so refining, so humanizing, has descended to us from our first parents—from that garden planted by the Almighty's hand—as a drop of sweet in our bitter hereditary cup of grief and sin? There is something pleasing in the very sound of the word garden; it reminds us of flowers and fruits; it reminds us of Eden, of Gethsemane!

Purchased plants, though they may adorn a house, confer no real pleasure on the owner; he may like them as adopted children; he cannot love them as his own. Perhaps, reader, you only *like* flowers; raise a few from the seed up to perfect fruition, and you will *love* them; you will then have attained that which the Roman Emperor's boundless wealth and power could not procure—a new and innocent pleasure.

—

1

No. 1.—THE PINK.

There is not a flower in the gardens possessing so many charms as the Pink, nor one that commands so much admiration. It is propagated in two ways; by seed, for the purpose of procuring new varieties, and by pipings, or cuttings, to perpetuate the choicest kinds already in cultivation. The soil should consist of a mixture of loam, common black garden mould, washed road grit, a quantity of decayed stable manure, well incorporated with a good bottom of dung from cucumber pits. When the bed is formed, plants should be put in about seven inches apart.

—

2

No. 2.—THE RANUNCULUS.

Among all the flowers that deck the parterre or grace the conservatory, we do not at this moment find among our reminiscences one that will bear comparison with the Ranunculus, for variety, richness, and delicacy of color combined.

The root of the Ranunculus is a tuber that throws out a fascicle of fibres by which it absorbs nourishment from the soil. It is perennial in its duration. It is propagated by seed and by offsets from the old and well established healthy plants, which must be separated from the parent tuber about the end of Summer and preserved in a dry place until the month of October, when they may be planted from six to eight inches apart, and six rows in a bed.

The Ranunculus thrives best when planted on a bed in an open situation, exposed to the east, and protected from violent winds. A fresh, strong, loamy earth is to be preferred.

—

No. 3.—THE POLYANTHUS.

The Polyanthus has been much neglected by florists and amateurs for many years past. It

is increased by seed, by slips, and by division of the root.

3

All florists agree in the opinion that fresh loam from an old pasture is the best ingredient in a compost for the Polyanthus, with which should be mixed leaf mould and cow manure thoroughly decomposed. The following are the respective proportions of these ingredients: one-sixth each leaf mould and cow manure, and four-sixths fresh loam.

Great depredations are committed upon this plant by snails and slugs in the Spring.

—

No. 4.—THE CINERARIA.

The Cineraria has deservedly acquired much favor among the floral world, although only brought into general cultivation within the last few years. They are shrubby plants, of various forms and appearance, and they are found in every part of the known world. There are two modes of increasing this pretty plant; by seed, which ripen abundantly in this country, and from which the many beautiful hybrid varieties recently introduced to the notice of amateurs have been obtained; also by cuttings and by division of the roots.

This plant is most commonly found in pots, and they can be procured during the greater part of Winter and early Spring, when the variety of their colors, the beauty of the leaves of some of their tribe, and the spicy fragrance of others, gain sufficient favor at the hands of the fair rulers in that department to insure their being well attended to.

A situation sheltered from the sun during the hottest part of the day suits them best.

4

The soil in which they are planted must be loose and friable, and they must have a sufficient supply of water at all times.

—

5

No. 5.—THE VERBENA.

The different species of Verbena are chiefly half-hardy herbaceous plants, doing well if planted out in beds in May, where they grow

and yield flowers until cut off by Autumnal frosts, when the plants require to be removed to the green-house. Nature has so constructed the Verbena that, like the Ivy and Periwinkle, when placed in a favorable position it may be said to propagate itself. The Verbena will do well in any free soil, but they are found by some to thrive best in a compost formed of one-half fresh loam, and one-fourth each of heath mould and well decayed manure. As the plants grow and put forth their flower-buds some should be pinched off from time to time, by which means the plant will be preserved in strength, and it will become more bushy, and yield finer clusters of flowers, though, it may be, not so numerous; but when they have been shifted for the last time they should be trained to a trellis, but no more shoots or flower-buds should be removed.

—

6

No. 6.—THE BALSAM.

The Balsam is a succulent plant, annual in duration, its leaves thin. The stem is nearly transparent, and thickened at the joints. All the species require a constant supply of water, and when deprived for a short time of the necessary quantity, the whole plant droops, but revives quickly if moisture be imparted before the privation has been too long continued. The soil should consist of light turfy loam, well decomposed dung and leaf-mould, in equal quantities, together with a little sand. Light, air and water are essential to the healthy growth of the Balsam, and that at the proper season, or your plants will never yield you pleasure. The bloom is naturally durable, and if sufficient air be given, and the plants be protected from rain and wind, they may be preserved in flower through the Autumn. Liquid manure will be of great service.

—

7

No. 7.—THE PETUNIA.

The Petunia is a beautiful flower, and if we are not mistaken, will become a universal favorite. It is one of the most recently imported companions of the Autumnal blooming flowers.

The Petunia may be propagated by cuttings at almost any time, by being inserted around the edge of a pot filled with a light rich soil, which, after being slightly watered, should be plunged into a hot-bed.

The best season, however, for this operation, is perhaps the beginning of September, as then they will have struck root about the beginning of October, and if duly protected during the Winter, will make forward plants in the ensuing Spring. The Petunia loves warmth, but is impatient of heat and winds. We have found it in full bloom in the garden, with the petals of its flowers firmly expanded, after the great heats of Summer were past. But these plants were in sheltered situations, where they escaped the rude winds and the meridian splendor of the sun, and we think that the finest we have seen in the border, were growing against a wall facing the south-east. Equal parts of rich loam, and well rotted manure from an old melon or cucumber bed, with a little sand, forms a suitable compost.

No. 8.—THE PHLOX.

There are few flowers among the multitudinous variety of plants which have been imported by botanical collectors from far distant regions, and naturalized in the gardens of foreign countries, more deserving of attention than this pretty native of America. A collection of Phloxes forms a pretty object, when the varieties are well arranged. The method of propagation by division of the roots, is most usual with the species and varieties which throw up annual stems. The root should not be cut into very small pieces, nor is it desirable to divide a plant more than once in two or three years, because if done annually, though the number of plants is increased, yet the strength of each individual is greatly reduced, and many will probably sicken and die.

The soil which is found most agreeable to the Phlox is good turfy loam, enriched and rendered light by the incorporation of leaf-mould well decayed, and the beds of this soil formed for the reception of these plants, must be at least eighteen inches deep, and are preferable if made twenty-four inches deep.

A damp situation should be selected, but it is of importance that good drainage may be readily provided. It is a good plan to disturb the surface of the soil, for by this method the subsoil is kept damp.

—

No. 9.—THE HOLLYHOCK.

The Hollyhock seemed well nigh to have disappeared before the raging fashion for Dahlias, and were not commonly to be found, except in the cottage garden of some rustic florist, whose steps rarely wandered to the nearest town, and whose business and thoughts of home on such occasions have not permitted him to notice the novelties of the flower garden, or to hear the praises of that favorite Autumnal flower, or he too might have expelled his old acquaintance, the Hollyhock, and promoted the Dahlia to its place.

The Hollyhock prospers very well in good ordinary garden mould. Their size may be increased by having the mould well dunged before planting, but as the plant is a very little more than biennial, it may be questioned if its permanency may not be affected by forcing it. It is a plant that frequently dies off suddenly, apparently from exhaustion of its vital powers. When they have flowered, the stem should be cut down, and the root removed again to a spot previously manured; this will preserve choice variety.

## CHEMICAL EFFECT OF LIGHT.

Wash a piece of paper in a weak solution of salt and water; dry, and then wash it with a strong solution of nitrate of silver; dry it in the dark, and when dry, expose it to the sun's light; though colorless before, it will now soon become black. A picture may be made by placing a dried plant, or a bit of lace, &c., upon the paper, previous to its exposure to the light.

# LOVE'S INFLUENCE.

BY MEETA.

## CHAPTER I.

YES, he was undeniably a man of the world. You could not doubt it, seeing him stretched out upon our homely chintz lounge, the very essence of laziness, his patent leather boots resting higher than his head, his white ringed fingers clasping a new volume, his air inattentive, *blase* and dissatisfied. I am speaking of our wealthy young cousin, Lawrence Vane, who we thought would always be a useless man, with good-for-nothing habits, and a peevish old age.

"Confound it! I've got the dyspepsia; that's what's the matter with me!" and Cousin Lawrence flung aside his costly book with an unusual amount of energy.

We all exploded into laughter, from staid Papa, down to pretty Bessy. Papa laid down his paper with an amused look.

"Why, Lawrence, it was only the other day you were in the last stages of consumption," he said, slyly.

"You needn't laugh, all of you;" retorted Lawrence, pettishly, giving us girls a severe glance, "it's rather impertinent, I should say."

"We can't help it, Cousin Lawrence," gasped out pretty Bessy, her cheeks red and puffed with suppressed mirth; "You are *so* odd!"

"I'm sick, sick, sick! I shan't live long in this way, I'm convinced," and he sank back with a groan.

"Lawrence Vane!" said Papa, bringing down his fist on the little table, making it ring, "you're a lazy hound, sir! You have not one noble impulse about you! You have allowed youth and strength to lie useless and corrode. If you've got any disease, I'm *heartily glad of it!* it may sting you to action, if your *conscience cannot.* Go to work! get up early and see the sun rise! *Do good,* and you'll have an easy digestion and a happy life! I speak as a friend."

"It's always work, work, work, with you, sir," growled Lawrence, sulkily, but sitting upright, and shaking back his fine locks defiantly.

"Come, I'll make you a proposal," continued Papa. "Go up to brother Jacob's farm, and spend the Summer. Throw off your fiddle-faddle fashionables; put on homespun; set to work at the plough! Why, boy, you'll come out a man, and a new one!"

Papa's enthusiastic, hearty tones could not help but fire the blood of a mortal; and Cousin Lawrence is one, although weak.

"Oh, yes, Cousin Lawrence," we all chimed in chorus, "*do* go; it's a charming place! *Everybody* is happy there; John is such a fine fellow, and Jenny such a darling!"

"Who may 'John' be? and 'darling Jenny?'" demanded Cousin Lawrence, visibly but lazily interested.

"Oh, John's!" we all began again, but sister Elizabeth begged one might be spokeswoman. "Not so many swallows twittering at once," she said. We all looked to Susan.

"Well," began Susan, in her straightforward diction, "John and Jenny Tracy are cousins, adopted by Uncle Jacob, who is very fond and proud of them. John works on the farm, and Jenny helps in the house. They are both clever."

"Oh, ho!" said Lawrence, with a knowing whistle, "stupid, engaged people, I suppose. Excuse me from being *de trop.*"

"But they're *not* engaged at all, sir!" said Miss Bessy, indignantly, with a toss of her head, but blushing all the while under her black ringlets. "John is not the least bit in love with her. You are always jumping at conclusions!

Lawrence gave her a prolonged stare, showing all his dazzling teeth in a wise smile, and enunciating clearly,

"Juxtaposition! juxtaposition, Queen Bessy! You see I know *something* of the world; I've been to Paris!"

"Say you will go to Jacob's, and I will write now, immediately," interrupted Papa, impatiently.

"Well, sir," replied Lawrence, with a half sigh, "If you *really* think it'll do me good, I will—yes, I will try it. But bless me! I'm most gone now;" with another groan he relapsed into silence, and we hid our faces behind our work and books for decency's sake. The letter was written and sealed, and in three days, with a mournful shake of the head, Cousin Lawrence bade us adieu, wearing the semblance of a man not long for this world.

CHAPTER II.

Sweet-Briar Farm was one of the loveliest of places. Even Lawrence thought so, as he drove up in front of its modest brown porch, all wreathed with honeysuckles. There was Uncle Jacob ready to welcome him; his voice cheery, his cheeks like crumpled red rose leaves. There stood John, too, beside him, fresh and comely; a perfect picture of health and manliness.

"Jenny! Jenny!" rang Uncle Jacob's voice through the house, answered by a mellow, "Coming, sir!" and a tripping down the stairs. Now it happened that Lawrence's favorite pointer, "Caprice," had stretched himself at the bottom of the staircase, and before she was aware, Jenny Tracy stumbled over him. Then there was a yelping and scampering, and being his special pet, Lawrence felt annoyed and irritated. "Awkward!" he ejaculated mentally, at the same time making a profound bow, without vouchsafing a look at the unfortunate cause of his irritation.

"Poor, poor dog!" exclaimed one of the sweetest voices, and a round, stout little arm caressed the dog's silken head. "Why, he's a perfect beauty, isn't he, John?"

"And you are a pretty picture, both of you," returned bluff Uncle Jack. Lawrence's curious eyes took in the "pretty picture," solemnly. A charming, fresh face, and blonde hair, kindly blue eyes, a certain dignity and sweetness of expression, a cordial smile, such was Jenny Tracy. Raising his eyes, Lawrence could not help noticing John's admiring gaze fixed on his cousin. "Juxtaposition" came uppermost in his mind.

That evening quite brought Lawrence out of himself. He was vivacious and interesting; talked of his travels with humorous pleasantness. They all walked upon the lawn. Jenny ran races with "Caprice," and challenged Lawrence to a game of Graces. Then he crowned her with the hoop, and Uncle Jack roared with laughter, insisting that she should pay the forfeit. John backing him, Lawrence prepared himself gallantly for a pretty little scene of resistance; no such thing! As he advanced, she advanced also, and gave him a good, honest kiss, without affectation. He offered her his arm, and they went into the house, laughing like a pair of children.

"This country air is capital," quoth Lawrence, viewing his ruddy face before retiring. "Uncle Jack's a fine fellow; John, first rate; Jenny, good little thing." Got into bed, and slept a sound, healthy sleep.

CHAPTER III.

The next day John and Uncle Jack were busy out-of-doors. Lawrence sauntered around, spaded a little, but it soiled his hands, so he did not like that. Tried his hand at the plough, but soon gave that up, and walked into the house, fairly exhausted. Everything in-doors was tasteful and neat; bouquets everywhere, and little knick-knicks scattered about. Where was Jenny? Going through the hall, Lawrence blundered through a wrong door and made a discovery. There stood Jenny at the kitchen table, enveloped in a huge check apron, kneading bread. He turned quickly, and was about to beat a retreat.

"Don't go!" cried Jenny, pleasantly, looking over her shoulder. "You must be lonely; come and learn how to be useful; I shall be done directly."

And he did come in; got himself dusted with flour a little, watched her busy hands shifting the bread, was instructed in the art of "raising over night," and untied the apron strings from around her neck. Then there were strawberries to pick over, as the cook was busy; so when Uncle Jack came in for a drink of water he found the two sitting in amiable converse, with stained fingers, on the kitchen stoop.

But this was novelty, and did not last long. In a week Lawrence began to relapse; read, lounged, became apathetic, and at times peevish, even to Jenny. Sometimes he hurt her feelings by his finical delicacy, his want of discrimination, his fashionable foibles. John called him a "lazy fellow;" Uncle Jack told him two or three bluff truths, and even Jenny expressed her antipathy for inefficient men.

They were all healthy and happy but himself; to his morbid fancy he seemed singled out to bear the concentrated ills of life. He grew daily more morose; four, five weeks sped away, still idle, still good for nothing!

"Has this man any nobility of character?" thought Jenny Tracy. "If so, it ought to be brought to light. He seems good-natured enough at times, and full of social energy when he chooses. What a pity that with so many fine traits he should throw away his life in this way! I will try and rub up his rustiness a little." And she did try, like a good Christian as she was, but all to no avail. Everything she required of him was granted reluctantly, sometimes with a rude repulse hidden under polished coolness. But the crisis was to come at last.

One morning after a good many contests and

considerable ill-humor on the part of Lawrence, the conversation turned upon dreams and visions.

"Do you believe in dreams, any of you?" said Jenny, while they were still at the breakfast table.

"*Dreams!*" began Lawrence, contemptuously, with a curl of his lip. But Jenny proceeded quietly to relate a remarkable dream concerning a deserted farm near by, which had been confided to her by an old nurse of hers.

"Do you believe it? can you credit such a thing?" demanded Lawrence, in an aggressive tone. Jenny, blushing, and half laughing, replied that she could not help feeling an inclination that way.

"Well, Miss Tracy, you are weaker than I thought for; I should not have expected a lady of your acquirements and discretion to adopt the whimsicalities of a cranky old woman."

His words were so uncalled for, his manner so cutting, that even the patient Jenny was aroused. "Lawrence Vane," she said, rising, her face flushing, "you are unkind and ungentlemanly; I can overlook and forgive your insulting remarks, when I remember that indulgence and fashion have crushed out any generous nobility there might be in your nature. To them you owe my forbearance now, and many times when you have wounded me." She burst into tears, and left the room.

There was an embarrassing silence. John took up a book; Uncle Jack sauntered out through the garden door. Lawrence sat paring his nails—otherwise motionless—his head bent. What was the matter with him? not anger, surely; his eyes were moist, his lip anything but scornful. What had he done? Only wounded, for the twentieth time, a gentle, kindly spirit; broken with the first and only true friends who had ever interested themselves to reclaim him! He saw himself at length; saw it *all*, now, just as if he had taken up his worthless manhood betwixt his thumb and finger as a tattered garment, seeing all its ragged failings, its threadbare short-comings—all, all. And this was the trust God had given him! how, on *that day*, account for its sad want of excellence! She had spoken severely, but *truthfully*, God bless her! A choking sensation rose in his heart; his head seemed full to bursting, and for the first time in his life he was truly *wretched*. Then, too, a new feeling was born in his soul, fresh, sublime and beautiful. Fresh as dew upon flowers; as the sweet rain in Spring time; Love! How the thought startled him! what should he do to retrieve himself in her now dear eyes? He rose, and found himself alone; he would go and seek her, and apologize for his rude behavior, the like of which should never occur again.

Quickly he hastened into the hall, and heard her voice upon the porch; there he followed. What he saw was not calculated to make him any the happier. John and Jenny were standing at the end of the porch; John's arm was wound about her waist, her face hidden on his shoulder. Poor Lawrence! there was no hope for him; yet, praise be to him, he did not hesitate as to his duty; with a steady step sounding upon the floor, he approached them; his face looked flushed and handsome with good impulses. They started; John drew away his arm, and Jenny half-turned her head.

"Jenny, Cousin Jenny," said Lawrence, in a kind, gentlemanly tone, and with sorrowful earnestness, "can you forgive me? John, intercede for me. I have been uncourteous, ungenerous, and I confess it, which is the least I can do."

He held out his hand to her. A glad smile broke over Jenny's countenance; she took his hand in both of her's.

"Cousin Lawrence, I have nothing to forgive, *now*, although a few moments ago I thought I *had*; I have judged you too hastily; we have both been to blame."

Thus peace was restored, and they were all happier.

### CHAPTER IV.

"Cousin Lawrence!" called Jenny, one morning, two weeks after, at the bottom of the staircase, "I'm going my charity rounds, would you like to come with me?"

"Yes, only too glad! I will be down directly."

She waited; presently he came clattering down, in farmer shoes. Could this be the dainty, fashionable Lawrence Vane, in rough, brown homespun; ringless, jewelless, and divested of all superfluities! Jenny showed her amazement in her face.

"It looks rather *farmerish*, don't it?" said Lawrence, with a genuine blush.

"Why, it's the very thing!" replied Jenny, frankly. "I wonder you never adopted it before."

"You see," said Lawrence, rather hesitatingly, I'm going to work some, Jenny. Old Jeffry and I are setting out trees on the back lot. Oh! I shall get along beautifully, I dare say."

Jenny walked on silently, thoughtfully. Lawrence carried her basket, and they went arm in arm.

Oh, what a wonderful morning that was to Lawrence; seeing Jenny go about, like an angel among the sick, the maimed and the blind. Every one blessing her, every one gladdened at the sound of her gentle voice, consoling, strengthening. He deplored more than ever, his utter unworthiness.

"What is it you read so much of evenings?" he said to her, after tea, finding her alone by a window, reading. She handed him the neatly bound volume, quietly. It was her Bible. He took it, and she, having something to look after, left him. So he became absorbed in those beautiful truths, which he blushed to confess, even to himself, he had never read before. He found much of comfort, much of encouragement therein.

"It is not too late, then, for me to do good," he murmured. "Ah, Jenny, Jenny, blessed one, with this Book for my guide, and you, dear one, beside me, what might I not have been, what might I not *be!* She will marry John, and he —— he will wear an angel in his bosom, while I ——. In my patience, I possess my soul. Courage! I will at least be worthy of her esteem, her friendship."

He kissed her little Bible, then finding her handkerchief upon the floor, he pressed that also to his lips and heart.

Going into the parlor to seek her, he found Uncle Jack alone, reading his paper. "John and Jenny are out in the moonlight," he said, "Children will be children."

"And lovers, lovers," sighed Lawrence. He went to his room, and leaned out of his window. Yes, there they were, under the lilacs, walking hand in hand, and talking very earnestly. They were out late, and when they stepped upon the porch, he heard John call her "darling," and distinctly saw him kiss her hand.

### CHAPTER V.

The next morning, Lawrence appeared restless, nervous, and perhaps a little moody. It was natural, considering he had to stand by calmly and see his one great hope—the best and truest he ever had in his life—reft from him.

As soon as breakfast was over he rushed out into the field and worked for two hours, digging tree holes, until he was completely worn out. Then he came back, heated and out of sorts. He threw himself into an arm-chair, near by where Jenny sat sewing.

"Working has made you very tired," she said, kindly, seeing his languid attitude.

"And ill-natured," he returned, rather curtly.

"Ah, you have exhausted yourself; I can make you some delicious lemonade. Shall I?" rising.

"No, thank you, I am not in need of it," said Lawrence, coldly.

Jenny looked at him with a distressed air. "What has happened, Cousin Lawrence? has any one hurt you in any way?"

"No—yes—I don't know, I believe I have outdone my strength, that is all."

She came to him, and laid her cool, white hand upon his forehead; the touch of it thrilled through his frame electrically. He dared not let it rest there, lest he should pour out his feelings, and be rejected like a fool. So, with a hurried movement, he shook it off. "Jenny!"

His tone was peculiar; he looked up at her suddenly. Her face was suffused with color, she turned to go away.

"Oh, stay!" he cried, vehemently, seizing her hand. "I want you to help me—you *always* do! I have never done any good in my life, I want to do something, *now*. Can you put me in the way of doing anything? What, *what* can I do?" He spoke fast and agitatedly; Jenny was silent for a moment, trying to disengage her hand; but he held her fast.

"There is one thing you *might* do, but ——," she averted her face.

"Oh, let us have no 'buts,' Jenny, I pray you! If there is anything, however great, however small, let me—let me have the satisfaction of doing it."

She essayed to speak once or twice, but seemed struggling with some feeling unknown to him.

"You might help John," she said, at last, timidly. Lawrence changed color, and dropped her hand instinctively.

"Well," he said, at length. This time Jenny gathered courage, for her voice steadied itself.

"John has been engaged, Cousin Lawrence—never mind to whom—for two whole years. Perhaps you were not aware of this. He has been striving to gain a little to lay by, to be able to marry. If he had capital enough to make a payment on a little place, he might, that is, he could marry the one he loves, and take her home, you understand?"

"Yes; go on, go on."

John and I have often talked of it; poor

fellow! he gets down-hearted and miserable oftentimes, although I do my best to comfort him."

"Yes, yes," murmured Lawrence, impatiently.

"And now, Cousin Lawrence, here is a chance for you to do good. John is poor, you are well to do. If you had not so solicited me, I should never have told you. Make John happy out of your abundance, and I shall be thankful, and happy, too."

She turned her face toward him, for the first time. It was bathed in tears. Lawrence rose from his chair, gravely and quietly;

"Trust me to do this for him, for you," he said, softly. "Jenny, you are an angel;" with a sudden impulse he drew her towards him quickly, and kissed her pure forehead, then turning away, left her standing in the middle of the room, breathless, surprised, and trembling like a leaf.

He ran up stairs, two, three steps at a time; reached his own room and locked the door; walked rapidly up and down the floor; then threw himself into a chair, with a low, hysterical laugh. Got up again, walked the floor twice, then throwing himself across his bed—as he had done many a time, when a child, if grieved or angry—sobbed upon the pillow.

### CHAPTER VI.

John was sitting on the porch, his arms folded upon the window-sill, his head bent upon them.

"John!"

Lawrence's cheery voice did not affect his mood; he remained motionless.

"John, my dear fellow, something is the matter with you; something has been the matter these three days. Make a clean breast of it, John! maybe I can help you."

"Poverty is a curse!" said John, lifting a pale face, lips quivering, and brow contracted.

"No, no, John, don't be misanthropic! It has its blessings, *great* blessings." He was thinking of Jenny, then. "John, I want your confidence, and you are afraid to give it to me; I don't wonder, such a good-for-naught fellow as I am. But, as I said before, perhaps I might help you."

John shook his head, and a fine blush colored his cheeks; partly shame, partly bashfulness. Then he said, bluntly,

"Lawrence, I'm engaged to be married, have been for two years, to the dearest girl in the world. I had hoped to have a home before this; an humble cage for my little bird, but Fate is against me. It has come at last, the struggle. She has waited so long, blessed darling! I cannot ask her to wait for an uncertainty, maybe for years. I would not be a man, if I did. No, I can never do that!"

Lawrence cast an admiring glance into John's noble face; such a man was worthy of Jenny. He plucked a honeysuckle, and tore it to pieces.

"But John—ahem—John, confound it! I've always been such a selfish fellow, I don't know how to do a good thing without blundering. Why, you see—that is—I *know* your case; a little bird told it to me. You want to make the first payment on Swallow Farm, and you can't do it. Now, I have got some thousand or two, which I positively don't know what to do with, lying idle in the Bank, going to rust. I want to lend it to you, as from man to man. I'm not in the least in need of it, and don't care when it is returned. There! the murder is out, at last. Will you accept it, John?"

During this speech of Lawrence's, delivered in a husky, agitated voice, John had risen and clasped both his hands, his whole face quivering with alternate flashes of admiration, affection and astonishment. "God bless you!" burst through his lips, from the bottom of his honest heart, while he shook the hands he held with vehement energy. "Accept it! to be sure I will, and bless you all the days of my life. Lawrence, you are a man in a thousand, to help a poor fellow that you haven't known six months. Such kindness brings tears to a man's eyes. And I swear ——," here John raised his sunburnt right hand, "that every penny shall be returned honestly and justly, if God gives me strength and life!"

"There, there, John, don't be heroic about it. Away with you! Jenny's yonder in the garden, go and tell her, and may you both be happy!"

"But, my dear Lawrence, let me tell you how it came about that ——."

"Not one word, now. I will not hear it. Be off!"

"I am the happiest fellow alive!" shouted John, giving a leap over the box-hedge, and striding on to the arbor; his whole figure emanating light and joyousness.

### CHAPTER VII.

"John gone!"

"Yes, John's gone," replied Jenny, with her quiet smile, looking up at Lawrence standing in the door-way, hat in hand; he seemed surprised and half-provoked.

"Why, the rascal! he promised to wait for me. I thought he understood we were going to town together, in the morning."

"I don't think he did, quite, or he would have waited," said Jenny. "Why, Cousin Lawrence, you are not going away *so soon!*" Her tone was affectionate and kind. Lawrence closed the door, and sat down beside her.

"Yes, Jenny; I must go to-morrow."

"*Must* is a hard word," she said, bending over her sewing, and plying her needle. "We shall miss you sadly."

He was silent, watching her fingers, following with his eyes the trembling of her blonde ringlets, and wishing, wishing, wishing.

"Oh, Jenny, Jenny, Jenny!"

He uttered her name as a drowning man calls for help; uttered it without the cognizance of his tongue or lips, seemingly. But it slid out of his full, full heart, as water slides from a brook. How could it help but startle her, with its despairing energy, its heart-breaking emphasis. She started, and the work fell from her hands, her bosom heaving, her mouth partly open. She could not speak, but sat trembling, dumb.

What should Lawrence do—betray himself! Let her, let John be witnesses to his weakness!

"Jenny Tracy," he said, manfully, "you will have something to answer for; you have unmanned me. Made me weak and foolish as a child. I am going away to-morrow, because *I love you*, and because it is the best, the most honorable course for me to pursue. God bless you for the good you have done me. And some day—when you and John are married, and I shall have found my peace—then, and not till then, will I come to you."

He rose and walked to the door. She sat, her pretty head drooping, her eyes filled with tears.

"Lawrence!"

The pleading in her voice detained him; he stood irresolute. She came to meet him, pale and quiet, and held out a little sealed, white paper.

"John asked me to give you this. Don't go; read it."

He tore it open, read on, grew dizzy and blinded.

"Not you! *not you!* Jenny, Jenny Tracy, *what* is this?" he gasped.

She had gone to the window, but came to him now, with a little bunch of heart's-ease in her hand, an odor of fragrance about her.

"My eyes are swimming, Jenny, I am afraid, afraid to think I have read aright. He says it is Bessy, pretty Bessy that he loves, that he will call 'wife.' His blessing, his darling! Oh, what will I not risk, now, what will I not dare for the sake of your love!"

The gentle hands clasped his; the sweet flowers rested against his heart, and the soft voice of Jenny Tracy whispered,

"Dare *everything!*"

So he took his joy and his glory home to his breast. He folded his sweet lily of the valley, his fragrant, slender love, close, close in his arms, never more to part, never more to be put asunder. And Lawrence Vane thanked God for his new manhood, his blessed salvation!

—

So you will not be surprised that one morning as we were at breakfast a stout, healthy figure, and smiling, sunburnt face burst in upon us like a gush of sunlight. Could this be Lawrence Vane! the man we never expected to see again alive, who felt he should not be in existence a fortnight after parting from us! Yes, it was he, frank and genial, with a bloom on his cheek, and a blossoming out of all his energies encompassing him.

He kissed us all around, heartily; especially pretty Bessy, whom he called a "rogue" and a "cheat." Then he sat down and told us his story with a beautiful frankness that was delightful to see.

"Juxtaposition! Mr. Lawrence," cried Miss Bessy, shaking her black curls at him, and mimicking his knowing tones. "I've been to Paris! I know *something* of the world!"

"Quarter! quarter!" cried Lawrence, looking handsomer than ever through his blushes.

"The dyspepsia," quoth Papa, slyly, "what has become of it?"

"The hectic flush!" exclaimed Susan, laughingly.

Ah! he fairly had to run away like a coward, as he was; we were too much for him, and sweet Jenny Tracy was not there to shield him.

There were two happy weddings, and we were all bridesmaids. Bessy was lovely in simple white muslin and fresh rose-buds, and Jenny angelic in the rich veil and orange-flowers Lawrence adorned her with.

John and Bessy live at Swallow Farm, and are a staid, well-to-do couple. Jenny and Lawrence reside a few miles from town, in a pretty Gothic cottage, and are as happy as happy can be. Their charities, their justice, their good neighborhood, make them revered and beloved by all.

So much for Love's sweet influence. Look to it, ye inefficient men! Loungers learn a lesson!

# "SHE IS HAPPY NOW."

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

SHE's lying with pale hands folded
Over a heart that beats no more;
Lying with the grave's dust around her,
On the slope of the river shore,
Where the wind that stirs the willows
Can never reach to kiss her brow,
And the head-stone, as white as her shroud folds,
Gleams colder than the Winter's snow.

She went from us in the glorious Summer,
When the rose-hearts were red and deep,
When the sky had no clouds but mist wreaths,
And through the bird songs, joy notes beat;
But her eyelids broke the gleam of no longing
When they dropped with quiver slow,
And the hands by her last strength folded
Told that she was waiting to go.

They said that a life held slightly
Was the heritage of her birth,
That her feet grew strengthless and weary
In the ways that are trod on earth;
But we knew, who watched death's shadows,
And counted as the pulse-beats failed,
That a pain-blight at her heart crept upward,
When the flush of her cheek grew pale.

We knew of an hour when her life-sky,
That before had arched clear and bright,
Was o'erswept by a sudden darkness,
That for her hopes made endless night;
An hour when our pleadings, sent upward,
Shut, for the time, the gates of death;
And stern words were passed in judgment,
Of a reckless heart's broken faith.

We watched her as life went onward,
In days that grew night through her pain,
Praying that to her heart's burning desert,
Heaven's pity would send tear-rain;
But we saw, too, the glory of triumph
Break the shadows about her cast,
And knew that through ceaseless striving
She touched "God's right hand," at last.

We miss her in the paths we walk daily,
When the thorns are sharp to our feet,
We miss her in the sunny dream-land,
Where her fancy made pictures sweet,
And sometimes our mortal yearnings
Break Faith's quiet by bitter sobs,
Rebelling 'gainst the unshaken fiat
Of a will "not ours, but God's."

But when in the solemn twilights
Our hearts keep thought's tryst at her grave,
It seems that the spirit they meet there
Drops peace-blessings on pain's dark wave;
And looking through the far, dim distance,
Toward the land where amaranths blow,
Our lips, losing their grieving quiver,
Say softly, "she is happy now."

*Charlotte Centre, N. Y.*

# SONNET.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

"And He said, Peace, be still!"

He slept. And the wild, warring winds and waves
Beat fearfully about the driven barque;
Men, terror-struck, groped wildly in the dark,
Their tottering feet o'erhanging yawning graves.

He slept. Some knew His hand, the hand that saves
When dangers thick'ning come. Some knew Him not.
Some scoffed for all the miracles He'd wrought.
And yet another vouchsafed He to them:
And when the storm beat loudest; when black caves
Grew blacker 'neath them; when stout hearts appalled
On His most Holy name despairing called,
Awe-struck they stood, or held their heads with shame,
While He once more disclosed His power and will,
And to the obedient winds and waves, said, "Peace, be still!"

# THE ANGEL PAIN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Oh, if it wasn't for pain," said Mrs. Warren, "life would be, indeed, a blessing! But pain mars everything. It is pain, pain, pain! This is the heirloom which every one possesses; and the mind must accept the fatal legacy, as well as the body."

And the lady sunk back with a sigh, upon the pillow from which she had raised herself while speaking.

"An angel who never sleeps at her post, is pain," said a gentle voice, the low tones of which filled the room like a passing strain of music.

"A malignant, destroying angel!" Mrs. Warren spoke with almost angry excitement.

"A kind, wise, loving angel," was answered firmly, "ever seeking to save. No enemy, whether of the body or the soul, can approach the citadel of life without a sure warning from this faithful sentinel."

Mrs. Warren's only response was a groan, accompanied by a firm pressure of her hand against her side.

"Does the pain increase?" was asked, in tones of sympathy.

"O yes! It seems, at each breath, as if a knife were passing through me."

"The doctor will soon be here, I trust, and from him we may hope for speedy relief."

"I am so oppressed!" said the sick lady, panting as she spoke. "It seems as if a heavy weight were crushing in my breast."

"You did not feel that in the beginning?"

"No. The pain came first."

"Warning you of danger. I am glad we sent so promptly for the physician. You dressed too thinly, last night. Bare arms and neck! I said the imprudence would bring its own punishment."

"Was that the bell?" asked Mrs. Warren, raising her head and listening.

"Yes."

"Oh, that it may be the doctor! This pain is dreadful!"

The doctor entered in a few moments.

"You did not send for me a minute too soon," was almost his first remark, after examining into the symptoms of his patient. It was a case of acute pneumonia. Mrs. Warren, who was a fashionable woman, had attended a fashionable party on the night before, with arms, neck, and part of her chest exposed. The company was large, and the rooms oppressively warm. Imprudently, she sought an open window for fresh air. A sudden check of perspiration was the result, and inflammation of the lungs the final consequence. Pain gave timely warning of danger, and aid was promptly summoned. Skilfully applied remedies met the destroyer at the threshhold, and he retired, after a brief conflict.

"Thanks to the angel pain!" said the sister of Mrs. Warren, as she sat by the feeble convalescent. "Your precious life has been spared."

There was a faint, assenting smile.

"If she had not been true to her mission; if she had slept one fatal moment at her post, and permitted disease to pass in without a stroke of warning, the darkness of death would now veil the eyes of our sister, and our hearts be shrouded in mourning. And so I say, blessed be pain! It is God's merciful gift!"

"Wise counsellor! sweet consoler! What would I not give, dear sister Anna! for your clear-seeing eyes—your Christian philosophy—your divine faith—your acceptance, not only in my person, but in your own, of pain as a blessing."

"In nearly all cases," was the low-voiced answer, "pain comes from a violation of either natural or moral laws. If the former, the body suffers; if the latter, the mind. And thus being warned of error, by the approach of evil, we turn to the physician and are healed."

She paused, letting her meek eyes sink to the floor, and remained lost for some time in thought.

"And so mental pain is an indicator of mental disease!" said Mrs. Warren.

"Always," the sister answered.

"Always?" There was a tone of surprise in Mrs. Warren's voice.

"But what if the pain arise from another's act, instead of our own?"

"As when the body receives external injury, for instance?" said Anna.

"Yes. Is the pain from mental disease, in that case?"

"Is the body in health when a hand is crushed, or the flesh bruised?" asked the sister.

"No."

"And sudden pain gives warning of the sudden injury. A condition of health no longer exists, and death may as surely follow, without the physician's aid, as if every pore of the body had absorbed contagion. As it is with the body, so is it with the spirit. One is materially organized; the other, as I have often said to you, is spiritually organized; and both are subject to laws which cannot be violated, even in the smallest particular, without evil consequences. It matters not whether the disturbance of harmony come from without, or from within—the indicator, pain, gives surely its alarm, and ceases not until the danger has passed. If it were not so, spiritual death, which is the extinction of all good affections in the soul, would as certainly follow spiritual disease as natural death follows natural disease."

"I see, but dimly," said Mrs. Warren, with a sigh. "Disease—pain—death! Alas! Alas! There is not a human flower untouched by their blight. As for pain—pain of mind, and pain of body—it is the death's head grinning at all our feasts."

"Say rather, dear sister, the angel who points to the enemy of our peace, and cries, Beware! Beware! Look down into your heart, and question it closely. From what causes have arisen pain of mind? From orderly or disorderly activities? That is, from neighborly and divine affections, or worldly and selfish affections; for in these two lie all the elements of life. There is not an impulse of feeling, nor the motion of a thought lying outside of them. As the fountain is, so will the stream be. As the life is—orderly or disorderly—so will be the consciousness of life. The orderly movement will be smooth, harmonious, delightful; the disorderly, with shock, and jar, and pain.

"Dear sister! Look into your heart, and answer the question—What has caused unhappiness? The activities of neighborly love, burning with a desire to bless others, or the activities of worldly love, seeking to receive rather than to bestow? Were we in the true order of our lives, we would be God-like—for we are the work of His hands—and to be God-like, is to love others, and to seek their good. But if, departing from true order, we love only ourselves, and seek merely our own good, disease of mind follows as a sure consequence, and pain, true to her mission, will give the needed warning, lest we perish in eternal death. Mental suffering is, therefore, a sure sign that our life-motions are in the wrong direction. Pain touches us in mercy, not in wrath. Let us be wise, and heed her divine admonitions."

"The memory of a good deed," said Mrs. Warren, speaking from a new state of perception, "rarely gives us pain."

"Never," was answered, when the prompting motive is good. "But if we exercise neighborly charities from selfish or worldly ends, we cannot claim the high reward of interior delight. As our ends are, so always will be the quality of our enjoyments. Real good must be genuine, from inception to act."

"But how are we to know whether our motive be selfish, or unselfish? Ends of life are most deeply hidden."

"We surround ourselves," replied the sister, "with an atmosphere so dusky that vision is often at fault. And so we move forward, not always certain of our steps. But thanks to the prompter, Pain! she will not permit us to swerve a hair's breadth from the right path, without giving a sign. If we heed not her gentler admonitions, she speaks in clearer tones; and if we heed not yet, her voice takes on a harsher thrill. Louder, sterner, harsher it becomes, if our feet continue to walk in the ways that lead downwards, and she ceases not her cry, even unto the end. A blessing on Pain, then, I repeat, dear sister! A blessing on Pain! She is Heaven-sent, and would lead us to Heaven."

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The Just and True.—One strong thing I find here below—the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead for thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victories on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, fling down thy baton, and say, "in God's name, no." Thy "success?" What will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark, all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, nor leading articles visible or audible to thee again, to all forever; what kind of success is that?—*Thomas Carlyle.*

# ONLY HERE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"My great comfort is that Love rules our life, and that *Life* is wholly beyond the material, transcending all that we see, or hear, or handle. Yes, God is Love, and He is our only life; is not that a sufficient 'balsam' for all ills? There is no home like the secret place where His children abide with him."

LUCY LARCOM.

"I wouldn't have believed it, I couldn't have believed it, and yet here are the words in her own hand-writing. I'm just tired of life, Aunt Rachel, and everything in it," and there were tears in my eyes, and sickness in my heart, as I dashed down the letter on the table, and commenced walking rapidly up and down the room; an old habit with me, and one which has always proven a good safety-valve in excitement, ill-humor, or disappointment.

"What is it, Alice, my child?" and Aunt Rachel's mild eyes looked up with a good deal of concern from the cushion she was covering for Grandpa's arm-chair.

"Why don't you think, Aunt Rachel, that Elinor Root is going to marry Austin West; going to throw herself away completely. I'd rather she'd been an old maid all the days of her life—I mean," recollecting myself, "I'd rather she'd have married almost anybody else on the face of the earth."

Aunt Rachel looked up with her pleasant, acute smile. "You needn't have revised your sentence, Alice, my love. But really, you startle me. Is the young man so utterly unworthy as you represent him?"

"No; he isn't 'utterly unworthy,' Aunt Rachel; but he's the last man in the world for my beautiful, noble Elinor Root. I see how it is; he's just struck her fancy, and Elinor, like all women of her character and temperament, is very susceptible to grace and elegance of manner; and I'll do Austin West the justice to say that in these respects he is incomparable. He can say the most agreeable nothings, he can make the most graceful bow of any man on Broadway, and he can assume a look and air of such tender devotion that he is really dangerous."

"Well, a man may do all this, and yet make a good husband, Alice."

"Oh, well, not the husband for Elinor Root. I tell you, Aunt Rachel," standing still before her, and bringing my clenched hand down hard on the table, "there isn't anything to that man. He has neither force of character, nor persistency of purpose, two things which we have a right to demand of all *manhood*. He isn't capable of life-long devotion to one woman; he hasn't soul enough to conceive of it. Not that I mean to say he's positively malicious, or evil; but he's neither great nor noble; and he has no underlying principle; in short, he's capable of a great many petty weaknesses, and wickednesses, though I don't think he'd be apt to commit himself to any great length in wrong doing. He's too cautious for that."

"You must have been brought into pretty close relations with him, to analyze him so closely."

"No, I haven't. But you see he was an intimate friend of Cousin Ike's; poor Ike, to think of his lonely grave in California! and through him I used to hear a good deal of Austin West, and when he was at our house I watched him narrowly. He prides himself more than anything else on his social gifts, and on his success with ladies generally. I remember hearing him laugh to Ike about the susceptibility of country girls, and the languishing damsels he left behind him, after his usual Summer tour among New England farm-houses; and to think Elinor Root is going to marry this man; she with her lofty soul, her high ideal of manhood, her noble scorn of anything that is mean, or weak, or paltry. Oh, Aunty, I can't bear it."

"As you grow older, you will learn to endure these things with more patience, Alice."

"What things, Aunt Rachel?"

My aunt laid down her work, and her gentle, placid face kindled as she went on: "Seeing the men and the women you most love and admire, marry those to whom they are most illy mated. It is one of the mysteries of this life, that intellectual and noble men and women generally marry their inferiors, not in mind alone, but in heart, in soul, in sympathy. How often the best men marry the weakest, and silliest, and the most selfish of women; and the truest women—look out on life, and see what sort of men they marry. Oh, the history of the world's heart, the world's affections, is a terrible history."

"I wonder what is the reason of all this," I said, mournfully, half to my aunt, half to myself.

"There are many reasons, my child; one is, people can't see very well in this world, and here, more or less, we all walk blindly. Then these sensitive, imaginative natures are in more danger than any other, because they always invest those who strike their fancy with attributes that in reality do not belong to them, giving them a mental and moral stature and radiance which exist only in their own imagination,——"

"There," I interrupted, "that's precisely what Elinor's done. She says here in her letter, 'You will rejoice with me, my darling Alice, when I tell you my heart has at last found its *ideal;* the man that meets all its needs, before whom it bows down reverently, saying, 'My King!' How often, sweet playmate, tried friend, and constant of all my girlhood, have we talked on this subject; and I told you I did not believe I should ever find a man whom I should love, as I *could* love! but I have, and all the silences of my soul are filled, now, with this new song, 'Loving and beloved!'"

"I see how it is," I continued, speaking very rapidly, to keep down something in my throat, "Elinor is a Genius, and it flatters Austin's vanity to think he has won such a woman. He can admire and appreciate her talents, at least, and then she has probably appealed to the best part of him, and he is 'elevated' for the time; but such natures will surely sink back to their own level some time. Oh, Aunty, how can I be patient over all this."

"Because you will grow to look upon life more as it is, Alice, and feel that it is only the 'beginning,' not the end. It is the fault of youth that it cannot see this, and hence comes all its impatience and disappointment. But God is over all, and love rules the world, with all its discords and miseries.

"Marriage is not eternal, and they who are united for mutual discord here, are free to choose whom God intended for each other there. The 'till death do us part' of every marriage service is very soon verified, and oh, Alice, believe me, we can never live right until we can realize something of life's brevity, and its little worth except in its grand relations to the Eternal!"

"But one has to be old to feel all this, Aunty, and I'm sure the world's beautiful, and God gave it to us to enjoy."

"Certainly He did, my child; but, fair and beautiful as it is, the curse darkened it when God's voice rolled its solemn fiat through the garden of Eden; 'In sorrow shalt thou eat of it, all the days of thy life;' but, *up there* all will be right, and here we must be content *to wait.*"

Just then Betty called to Aunt Rachel that the butter was ready to be taken from the churn, and so our conversation in the old front chamber that fair Summer morning was abruptly terminated; but it was one that I never forgot, one whose truth more experience and larger knowledge of life has fully verified.

I had been passing the Summer at Grandpa's, in Grandon, a quiet little village in the interior of Massachusetts. He had reached his fourscore Summers, and his house was older than himself, and like himself its strong frame bore up well under its weight of years. Aunt Rachel and my father were his only surviving children. She was nearly fifty, and had loved and been loved in her youth—but one night there was a storm at sea—and you can guess the rest, reader; only for his sake, Rachel Warren was an old maid to the day of her death. I was an only child, motherless, and my father's idol. We lived in New York, and boarded with a cousin of his. He was not a rich man, but in comfortable circumstances, and I never had a want that was not gratified.

At the time of my visit to Grandpa's, which Papa insisted upon, fearing that I inherited the delicate constitution of my mother, and needed more bracing air, I was twenty-three years old. So much for my antecedents.

Elinor Root and I had been playmates from infancy. She had neither father nor mother, but her widowed Aunt supplied, in some degree, the place of both of these. It is true, she was a worldly, fashionable woman; but she was really much attached to Elinor, and her income, though not large, supported them with taste and elegance in the high social position which they occupied. Elinor Root was not beautiful, unless it might be at times, when the light of her soul seemed to sublimate every feature, and pour up into her warm, brown eyes a radiance that made them glorious beyond any eyes I have seen in this world. Altogether, she reminded me more of a water lily than anything else in this world, for she was pure, and fair on the dark waves of life, as they are. She was fragile, too, and her figure had something of the graceful, shadowy bend which lilies have when they are rocked

by wind currents. Her hair was like her eyes, of a warm, rich brown, folded plain and luxuriant above her low, intellectual forehead.

She was, as I said, a genius, my friend Elinor Root; at twenty-two her name was a favorite one in half of the magazines of the land; a year later she published her first book, a romance, or rather a touching autobiography of youth, and trial, and love, and final triumph, and this met with a sale that was certainly very flattering to the young authoress; a year later she met with Austin West, and you know the rest, reader.

I believe that he loved Elinor, when he professed to do this; and I certainly never knew a more apparently devoted lover than he was during the days of their betrothal. Elinor possessed great intensity of character, and to be interested in her at all, was to be deeply so. In short, she was a woman to be loved with all the strength and fervor of one's nature, if loved at all, and, as I said before, she drew out all that was best and noblest in the soul of Austin West.

Men's attachments are not usually so tenacious as women's, though they may be intense at first. I never feared Austin would cease to love Elinor; but I feared the time when a more intimate acquaintance would give her a better knowledge of his real character. But I saw, on my return to New York, that she had made to herself, as so many women do, "idols of clay," and I had not the heart to attempt to uplift the veil; indeed, this probably would have been worse than useless, for what woman's perceptions are not blinded by her love. Of course I felt keenly what all true friends feel when another object supersedes them in the affections of the beloved; but for this there was no help, and I did not sadden Elinor's happiness by any outward manifestations of pain. When I came to see how fond Austin was of her, too, I began to think that her future would be a fair one, for he was very easily influenced, and might be almost constantly elevated by her companionship and example. The tares and wheat must grow together in this life.

Two months after my return I was Elinor's bridesmaid, and it was a gay and happy bridal. We went to Niagara, Quebec, and the White Mountains, on her wedding tour.

Oh, Elinor! Elinor! my pen pauses here, for the tears that blur its lines! How radiant you were in your bridal beauty! How the great high tides of your heart broke into your eyes, and gave a new loveliness to your face, that face to which only star and lily, all things that are pure as they are fair, can compare.

They went to their home, in one of the pleasant little villages whose small life throbs so near the heart of Boston, and for two years I did not see Elinor. I know she was very happy, for her letters told me so. The flush and joy of the honeymoon had settled down into the quiet and serenity of wifehood.

When I went to her, I had been the wife, the beloved and happy wife of my dear husband, Harry Reeves, just one year, and one day. Austin was a successful lawyer; his taste and Elinor's had made of their cottage home a little paradise. Then he was the most courteous of hosts, and she was all that my old friend had been, a little softened and matured, as wifehood naturally makes one.

"She was a magnificent woman, Elinor, my love!" said Austin West, as we seated ourselves at the breakfast table that morning. Mr. and Mrs. West had attended a small soiree the evening before, but I had been compelled to remain at home on account of a severe headache, which nothing but sleep would relieve, though it was with much difficulty I had persuaded the others to go.

"Yes, she was a splendid woman. I wish you could have seen her, indeed, Alice," said Elinor, as she passed my coffee.

"Seen who, dear!"

Her husband answered me. "The most splendid woman you ever laid eyes on, Mrs. Reeves. And her name is Miss Mabel Phillips. Mabel! it suits her queenly style. What a hand, and arm! did you notice it, Reeves?"

"Certainly, what man could help it?"

"Here's one that couldn't, assuredly. Elinor, my love, take some of this hash? Then her eyes, how glorious they were; and what a depth of slumberous fire there was in them as she lifted up the white lids slowly and gazed at you. Mrs. Reeves, shall I help you to some omelette?"

Now, reader, there are few things in the world that I dread more than a jealous wife. I do not, with many persons, think it oftenest the result of an overweening affection, though it may be this, and it is the fault sometimes of noble natures; but it is more frequently the accompaniment of selfishness and pettiness of those who, having little to give, still demand all. There was, however, an undisguised admiration in Austin's tones, that made me turn, and look at Elinor.

Harry never spoke in such a manner of any

other woman. "She is very handsome," he might say "the most so of any woman, and yet," and he would turn in his bright, sudden way to me, "and yet her face had not the charm that your face has, my Alice."

And do you think when Harry said these words I would have exchanged my face for that of any living woman's, though it were beautiful as Cleopatra's when she sat under the purple awnings of her royal barque?

"I think we'll have to look out for our susceptible husbands, Elinor, darling," I said, as I sipped my coffee. "Did you dream of her last night, or weren't you as deeply enamored as Mr. West?"

"I hardly know what my sentiments were respecting the lady; but I certainly didn't dream of her. She is, however, a splendid woman; a perfect Juno; and at a party, or in a ball room, she's incomparable; that, you know, is the native atmosphere for this kind of woman."

"I tell you nothing in this world, Reeves, could dim such glorious beauty as that of Mabel Phillips. It would shine peerless in any setting, no matter how homely," tapping his spoon against the exquisite Italian view on his coffee cup; for Austin was a rare connoisseur in these matters. "It is worth several years of one's lifetime to look at such a woman, because her beauty is faultless."

"Yes, for its style, faultless," subjoined Harry.

"And isn't that style of beauty the most luxurious, the most radiant, in short, the perfection of all styles?"

"It may be, Austin; but it is not the purest and holiest," and much as I may rejoice in beholding it, it is not the one which I would take to my heart, my wife, and my soul! Mabel Phillips is to me like a glorious statue, or a perfect painting. I could gaze in silent admiration upon her for hours; but I could never love her."

I do not think Austin appreciated the sentiment, but he certainly did the chivalry of this remark. He bent towards Elinor, and me with one of his inimitable bows: "Pardon me, ladies; under ordinary circumstances, I, too, should say that I endorsed Harry's remark; but as one of you is my wife, I have proven in the strongest way that a man can, what style of woman is his preference. Mrs. Reeves, shall I give you some of the omelette?"

Altogether, it was a very graceful compliment, and worthy of Austin West's social adroitness. Elinor answered it with her sweet smile; but I understood that it was only a successful stroke of flattery.

"Elinor, come here, please," said Mr. West, as he came in from the garden with Harry, half an hour after breakfast. "I want to put this exquisite camelia in your hair; somehow you never seem to me complete without some snowy blossom there, either a rose, or a lily, or a sprig of jasmine, anything that is a type of yourself, thou fairer than many lilies." And while Elinor bent her graceful head, and her husband fastened the flower in her hair, he continued, "I am very anxious, dear, that Alice should see this Miss Phillips; besides, we ought not to be too selfish, and deny the choicest of our friends here the society of our guests. Suppose we give a litte *soiree* tomorrow evening."

"Certainly, Austin. I am glad you proposed it."

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There were not more than thirty persons present, and she came quite late. I was standing near the parlor door, chatting with some ladies, when she entered, and I shall never forget the sudden start, and holding of my breath, as her dazzling beauty burst upon me.

Mabel Phillips wore a white broche silk, with bare arms, and a richly embroidered lace cape, thin as the lightest Summer cloud which some June day pencils on the azure sky, only lightened the beauty of those snowy shoulders. She was hardly taller than ordinary women, and her slow movements became a figure round and full, rather than light or *spirituelle*. Altogether, she reminded me more of "Zenobia" in Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," than of any other woman I ever heard of. The same luxuriousness of figure, the same glow and radiance of feature and expression. Her eyes were brown, with black depths in them, and so was her hair, folded in straight, heavy bands about her face and around her peerless head. Her lips were like some tropical flower in their ripeness and fullness; indeed, her air and movements had a kind of languor about them which reminded one of the Orient; but something of her beauty was lost in its expression of hauteur; it enformed the whole face and figure, and it nerved, even in repose, into languid scorn, those full, perfect lips. Much observation has taught me that women of this style, are often—mind I do not say always—but often coarse grained; they lack principle, and alas! they are, with all their ardor of temperament, cold-hearted and selfish.

Mr. and Mrs. West received their beautiful

guest with the grace so natural to them both, and the latter was by her side the most of the evening. She sang and played brilliantly, and her conversational powers were of a piquant, dazzling quality.

During the evening Austin and Miss Phillips stood not far from me, looking over a small, but exquisite engraving of Dryburgh Abbey.

"There is," she remarked to him, "such a want of mellowness, and a certain kind of picturesqueness in our American scenery. It is really too bad that I, who have such a passion for old ruins, must go three thousand miles to indulge it."

"No, you need not, Miss Phillips, if you will permit me the honor of showing you one not more than six from where you now stand."

"Oh, I shall be delighted to see it!" and she lifted up those dazzling eyes upon him. "But is it a real *bona fide* ruin, and how in the world did you manage to set it down here in this corner of Massachusetts?"

"It was an old, grey stone building, with turrets, and columns, built at the close of the last century, by an eccentric Englishman, who settled in this country on account of some domestic difficulties, I believe. Some ten years ago, when it was occupied only by a nephew of its owner, with a few servants, the building took fire, and all that remains of it now is a grand old ruin, with vines climbing among the arches and along the crumbling turrets. Then there is a hawthorn hedge around the front, and the deep yard is full of trees and tangled shrubbery. Altogether, the effect is a very fine one."

"Your description inspires me, Mr. West; when shall we go?"

"To-morrow, if you like. We will get up a little party among ourselves."

"How much more poetical it would be if we could all visit it on horseback, like the ladies and knights of old. But that is quite impossible, so few ladies are equestriennes now-a-days. I think horsemanship a shamefully neglected branch of a woman's education."

"I agree with you therein, perfectly, Miss Phillips. The rest of the party will prefer to go in a carriage; but if you will allow me that honor, I shall be most happy to offer you the new horse I purchased last week for the express purpose of inducing my wife to accompany me on these rides."

"*Je vous remercies monsieur*," said the soft voice of Mabel Phillips, as she inclined her glorious head, and then she glanced in the direction of Elinor. "Your wife looks too delicate for such exercise, Mr. West. But you will pardon me for telling you what a very interesting face I think she has—so fair and pure, like moonlight or snow." The cold, passive quality of these beautiful similes must have occurred to the husband, and the great antithesis between the wife and her guest.

"Yes, Elinor is like these; as pure and saint-like;" and he, too, turned and looked at her a moment, as she stood in her simple white dress, and her pale, sweet loveliness, conversing antimatedly with her company.

"And now, Mr. Austin, how do you illustrate me? I surely am neither of these;" asked the soft tones of Mabel Phillips, as she played with the cameos on her exquisite arms.

The host looked at her a moment. "There is nothing on earth to which I *can* compare you, Mabel Phillips. All rare tropical buds and blossoms which I might name, are only faint suggestions of your beauty; I compare you only to yourself; peerless, radiant Mabel Phillips."

She thanked him, not with her lips, but with her eyes, as she flashed up through the lashes their light upon him.

Then the bell rang for supper.

I do not believe greatly in foreshadowings and presentiments, and so I can hardly understand why from the first my perceptive faculties seemed almost preternaturally active in all that related to my host and his beautiful guest. There was scarcely a movement of either that I did not observe that evening, and I felt from the first that they were mutually attracted towards each other; that his grace and chivalric bearing had impressed her almost as much as her wondrous beauty had him, and I feared she would spare none of her arts to fascinate him.

Ah! Elinor did not know why I held her so long and tenderly to my heart that night, or murmured over her such a wistful, solemn, "God bless you!"

"He has Alice. Oh, I am very happy!" she said, turning up her pale, luminous face to mine, just like a water lily when the sunrise first strikes into its heart as it rocks on the wave where it has slept all night. But it was the last time the face of Elinor looked so on "this side the river."

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We had just entered the carriage, when Austin and Miss Phillips rode past, and they stopped a moment to speak with us.

I do not think Elinor felt pained, only disappointed at being deprived of her husband's

company, when, after announcing his intention of showing us the ruin that morning, he stated that as Miss Phillips disliked carriage riding, he should accompany her on horseback, and as he should start soon after breakfast he should probably reach the ruin sooner than the rest of the party.

Miss Phillips' magnificent figure was set off to the best advantage by her black cloth riding dress, and the dainty little velvet cap, with its plumes sweeping down to her shoulder, gave a mingled state and picturesqueness to her appearance, which held us all in silent admiration. She sat on her coal black steed, with a mingled pride and grace which I never beheld in any other equestrienne. She drew up a moment to the carriage, and chatted with us in a light, bantering tone, and I remember she laughingly told Elinor she need not expect to find Austin or herself at the ruin, for it was her full intention, with "malice deliberate and aforethought," to invite Mr. West to elope with her that morning; an invitation which she was sure so gallant a gentleman would never think of denying a lady.

We all laughed heartily at this; and Elinor answered the lady with some light *persiflage*, I forget what; and then, with a flourish of her small riding whip, she galloped away, although Austin paused a moment to draw his wife's mantle tighter around her, saying, "I cannot have you take cold this time, as you did on our last visit, my love."

And she answered with her sweet, tender smile, and he rode on.

We took a circuitous road, which brought us to the ruin in about two hours. We threaded our way through the tangled hedges and shrubbery, to the grey old building, lifting up its broken arches, and crumbling turrets, and seeming full of the histories and voices of another nation, and other centuries.

A kind of spell seemed to fall on the whole party, which did not consist of more than six persons, as we entered the building and made our way through the dismantled rooms. Elinor and I wandered off together, and mounted the stairs so noiselessly that we should hardly have started a mouse from the corners. Elinor went first, and as she reached the landing she glanced into one of the rooms, and then she staggered back, and her face grew white, white as ever one's was over whom the grave sods were trampled down, and a sharp but low moan broke from her lips; no, not from her lips, but from her heart.

I sprang forward and looked in. One glance was enough. Austin West and Miss Phillips sat together, under one of the broken arches of the windows, which commanded an exquisite view of woodland and hillside, and a little stream winding through pleasant pastures, like a silver gray ribbon, tangled, and knotted, and laced on breadths of dark, green silk. But the two who sat on the bench, under the crumbling arch of the window, were not gazing on this picture. Austin had drawn his arm around the young girl's waist, and was smoothing down the rich, silky hair, which the soft June sunshine pierced with "fine threads of fire." He was leaning over her, with a gaze of such concentrated admiration and tenderness, as must have struck like a death pang to Elinor's heart, while the lady was looking up in his face with those glorious, burning eyes, or sheltering them occasionally under their thick, long lashes, as she pulled to pieces some wild flowers that stuck in her girdle, with fingers snowy as their petals. They were so absorbed in their conversation that neither were aware of our approach, and if a sharp pang struck my heart at this sight, what iron must have entered the soul of Elinor West!

I turned around quickly, and led her down stairs, unresistingly, thanking God from my inmost heart that no one but ourselves had beholden this spectacle. I led her into a small room on one side; she clung to me very fast, but she did not speak or weep, only she shivered, as though she were toiling through a December gale, and the day was almost sultry.

"Oh, Alice, Alice, I can't bear it!" at last she moaned out.

"Now, Elinor, be a woman; do be a woman, for your pride's sake; bear yourself bravely now."

This roused her; in a few moments the shivering passed off, when we heard voices calling us; she said, very calmly, "I am ready, now."

The voices had startled Austin and Miss Phillips, and they met us at the foot of the stairs, with bright faces and welcome words, and Elinor answered them in tones light as their own. She did "bear herself bravely" through all that day. It was her first lesson in worldly deception, for Elinor had always been trustful as a little child. Mr. West took us through the entire building, showing us all the interesting or picturesque points, and as a cicerone he was unrivalled. He walked sometimes with Miss Phillips, sometimes with his wife, and I do not think his attentions to the

former elicited an observation from any of the party, except myself.

"Mrs. West is a most charming woman, Mrs. Reeves! You have been friends from your girlhood?" questioned Mabel Phillips, and she drew her arm in mine, as we walked through one of the garden paths, now almost overgrown with weeds.

"The best and truest."

"It strikes me, however, that she is very unlike her husband; not exactly the style of woman I should imagine such a man would prefer, much as I admire her."

"In what respect, Miss Phillips, do you think them unsuited to each other?"

"Well, she is so pure, and fair, and cold; she reminds one of a snow drift, with just the faintest flush of a Winter's sunset upon it. Now I should suppose he would prefer the clouds above the snow, with all their gorgeous richness of coloring."

"Pardon me, but I do not think your analogy in this instance holds good. A life-long acquaintance has shown me that Elinor's character combines with the purity of the snow-drift, all the warmth and intensity of the Summer."

She bowed. "Your opinion is worth much more than mine, for I am quite a stranger to Mrs. West's character. Indeed, I was speaking rather of impressions, than convictions."

Afterward she went on to talk of uncongenial marriages, and their frequency and misery, and I remember she asked the question, somewhat abruptly, "You do not, Mrs. Reeves, think a husband or wife is to blame for not loving his or her partner?"

"I believe love is an inspiration, over which our wills usually exercise little power, and yet so long as a man lives with his wife, and a woman with her husband, it is their duty, so far as possible, to do everything in their power for the happiness of each other; endeavoring always to look upon the best side of character and acts, and by no outward expression, either in word or deed, to enhance the coldness and dislike which may have grown up in their hearts. Then, there are few things which draw us so closely to others as doing them good; and if this were the constant practice of woman only, I am persuaded it would heal many of the discords of married life."

Miss Phillips did not reply, for some one called us at that moment to another part of the garden.

Well, the day was a very pleasant one, I believe, to all but Elinor and myself. We had a dinner on the lawn back of the house, in true gipsey fashion, and we sang old troubadour songs, and told old English legends of the days of chivalry, when fair ladies were locked up in old castles, and rescued by gallant knights in armor, until the sun set.

Then we started for home. I remember Mr. West seated Miss Phillips on her steed, and then came to our carriage to consult with Harry what road we had best take in returning.

"Where's Elinor?" he asked, suddenly, on looking around and seeing she was not there.

"She stopped a moment to gather some of those roses by the side window, and said she would join me almost immediately," I answered.

I thought Austin's brow clouded slightly, as we waited for his wife, perhaps two minutes; and then she came rather slowly down the garden path.

"Come, Elinor, can't you hurry a little, for once in your life?" asked Austin West, and his tone was impatient and petulant.

"I struck my foot against a stone, and hurt it;" there was a grieved tremor in her voice, which probably no one but myself felt.

"Well, you must be more careful the next time, dear," and he assisted her into the carriage and closed the door.

But as we drove homeward I only saw the tears which pointed the sunny lashes of Elinor West.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SIGNIFICATION OF LADIES' NAMES. — Mary, Maria, Marie, (French) signify "exalted." According to some, Mary means "lady of the sea." Martha interpreted, is "bitterness;" Isabel signifies "lovely;" Julia and Juliet, "soft haired;" Gertrude, "all truth;" Eleanor, "all fruitful;" Ellen, originally the Greek Helen, changed by the Latins into Helena, and by the French into Helene, signifies "alluring," though according to the Greek authors, it means "one who pities." The interpretation of Caroline is "regal;" that of Charlotte is a "queen." Elizabeth and Eliza signify "true;" Clara, "bright, or clear-eyed;" Agnes, "chaste;" Amanda, "amiable;" Laura, "a laurel;" Edith, "joyous;" Oliva, Phœbe, "light of life;" Grace, "favor;" Sarah or Sally, "a princess;" Sophia, "wisdom;" Amelia and Amy "beloved;" Matilda, "a noble maid;" Lucy, "brightness of aspect;" Louisa or Louise, "one who protects;" Emma, "tender."

# THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

In the excitement attendant on the restoration of Madeline to conscious life, Adele had been forgotten. Uncle John was the first to remember her. It was immediately after the withdrawal of Florence with her charge to the study room.

"Where is the girl?" he asked, suddenly glancing around.

No one could answer the question.

"Did you leave her in your chamber?"

Uncle John spoke to his niece.

"I do not think she is there," replied Mrs. Dainty.

"I hope she has not left the house," said Uncle John. There was concern in his voice, and he moved, as he spoke, towards the door. "We are largely in her debt, and she, I think, needs our protection."

"She shall have it!" Mr. Dainty spoke with emphasis. "Go, Madeline, and see if she has remained in your room."

Mrs. Dainty went to her chamber.

"Not here!" She uttered the words just audibly. A few moments she stood, glancing around the apartment, when a low sound, like a repressed sob, came to her ears. Stepping quickly forward, she drew aside one of the heavy window curtains. There sat Adele, crouching down upon a low ottoman, her face buried in her hands.

"We were afraid you had gone," said Mrs. Dainty, speaking in a kind voice, and laying her hand gently, as she spoke, on the girl's head.

Adele looked up, but did not answer. Her singularly beautiful face, in which the softness of childhood still blended with woman's firmer outlines, was pale and very sad. Mrs. Dainty, whose nerves were still all a-jar, felt something like awe steal into her heart, as she looked upon the countenance which was upturned to her's.

Just then, Uncle John, whose anxiety about the young stranger would not permit him to await the return of his niece, entered the room. His face brightened as he saw Adele.

"Ah, my brave girl! you are here. We were afraid you had left the house," he said, encouragingly.

Adele arose, and stood with timid, downcast look, before Mrs. Dainty and Mr. Fleetwood.

"We owe you more than thanks," said the latter. "The service you have rendered us is beyond all price. How shall we repay the obligation?"

Adele raised her dark eyes, and looked steadily into the face of Mr. Fleetwood. There was a strange depth and beauty in those eyes; and something mournful and pleading. Mr. Fleetwood felt their appeal.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Adele," replied the girl.

"Adele—what?"

A slight flush came into her face; but she did not answer until after a silence of several moments. She then said,

"Adele Weir."

"Do you wish to return to your mother?"

This question disturbed the girl. There was evidently a strong mental conflict.

"If Mother was as she used to be. But ——." The feelings of Adele overmastered her, and she again covered her face. Shuddering sobs almost convulsed her frame. They were not loud, but repressed, as if by the whole strength of her will.

"If Mother was as she used to be." Self-possession was restored, after a brief struggle. "But she is not, and I am afraid never will be. Since she became a medium she has not been like my mother of old. The spirits tell her a great many strange things, and she believes all, and does just what they say. Oh, dear! it is dreadful! I have not had a happy moment since the knockings, and writings, and strange doings began. And I don't like the people who come to our house. Some of them, I know, are not good. There's a Mr. Dyer. His heart is full of wickedness, I am sure, for none but a wicked man ever had such greedy looking eyes. I was not afraid of him, but more of myself when he came near me. I felt as if I would like to kill him."

"Did he ever offer you an insult?" asked Mr. Fleetwood.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

"Once."

"What of it?"

"I rebuked him with such sharp words that he seemed frightened for a moment. I don't know how I looked—it might have been murder, for I felt it."

Adele had grown strongly excited.

"Who else visit at your mother's house?" further inquired Mr. Fleetwood.

"Oh, a great many people. Circles meet there every night, and sometimes every day. But I never saw any good that came of it all. The spirits tell strange things, but I can't see that any one is made better. Mother hasn't been made better, I know. I am afraid her right reason is gone. When I was a very little girl, she belonged to the church, and used to read the Bible a great deal. She always read it aloud, when I was with her—and so I got my thoughts full of verses and stories, until I could say almost chapters by heart. But Mother believes, now, that spirits are making a higher revelation than the Bible, and that its teachings are of but small account in comparison. I am afraid that if the spirits were to tell her to do almost anything that is forbidden in the Bible, she would do it. Isn't it dreadful!"

"Dreadful, indeed!" said Mr. Fleetwood. "But you believe in the Bible?"

"O yes—yes. At first they put me to sleep, and tried to make a medium of me. I believe that I did write and talk some. But when I got back into my real self again I had such awful feelings that I was sure it must be wrong. And so I prayed God to teach and help me. And I think he did. Their power over me grew less and less; and at last I was able to throw it all off. O, sir! I do not think it would be right for me to go back again."

"You must not return," answered Mr. Fleetwood, positively. "God heard your prayer, verily, and has granted you a deliverance."

The lashes of the girl's eyes fell slowly down upon her cheeks, and there came into her face a meek, sad, yet thankful expression.

"You will remain here for the present," said Mr. Fleetwood. "To-morrow we will talk over your future, and decide what is best to be done. Think of us as your true friends, and fully depend upon us for protection. If your heart is right, Adele, that is, if you wish to be and to do right, you have nothing to fear, and everything to hope."

"I have no other desire!" was the tearful answer.

Dusky night was beginning to weave her web of darkness. Shadows were gathering in the rooms; the stillness of twilight came stealing down upon sense and feeling. Half an hour later, and the family were gathered at the tea table. There were Mr. and Mrs. Dainty, Uncle John Fleetwood, Agnes, Madeline, and George.

"What will you have, dear?" said Mr. Dainty, looking towards Madeline, after he had helped Uncle John and his oldest daughter, Agnes.

"I don't want anything," she answered, her face slightly reddening as she spoke, and her eyes turning towards the door, as if she were expecting some one.

"This toast looks very nice, Maddy. Let me give you a piece?" Mr. Dainty spoke with gentle persuasion.

"Can't I eat with Miss Harper?" And Madeline pushed her chair a little way back from the table.

Mrs. Dainty's eyes met those of her husband. Her face grew troubled and irresolute—his evinced a puzzled state of mind. Uncle John looked at his niece, and mutely signed for her to say yes.

"If you prefer doing so," answered Mrs. Dainty, replying to Madeline. "But I would rather have you take tea with us."

Consent and objection at the same time, only tended to push the child's mind further away from an even balance. She had stepped back from the table with a light motion, as consent passed her mother's lips, but stood suddenly still, with a clouded face, at the objection.

"Run along, dear," said Uncle John, in a cheerful voice. "Mother says yes."

Madeline moved a pace or two, and then stopped. Her chin was drawn down, her brow contracted, her lips pouting.

"Go! go, dear! Mother is willing." Mrs. Dainty saw her error, and now hoping to retrieve it, spoke with pleasant animation.

Madeline looked up at her mother, as if in doubt of her sincerity. Mrs. Dainty smiled tenderly, and said, in a loving voice,

"Kiss me first, dear."

Madeline's face brightened. The kiss was given, and then she went away with light footsteps.

"I'm going to wait, too," said George, sturdily, as he pushed back his chair. "I'd rather eat with Miss Harper than with anybody in this house."

And before his father could interfere to stop

him, Young America was out of the dining room.

"I don't like that;" Mrs. Dainty looked annoyed.

"Children are all Democrats," said Uncle John.

"I don't wish mine to be Democrats," answered Mrs. Dainty, curtly.

"They will get no harm from eating with Florence; my word for that; but good, rather."

"But I do not wish my children to eat with dependents and inferiors." Mrs. Dainty drew up her chest, and drew down her chin, and looked all the aristocratic self-importance she knew how to assume. In the eyes of Uncle John she succeeded in attaining simply the ridiculous. Quick indignation thrilled along every nerve of his body, and cutting rebuke came instantly to his tongue. But prudence whispered a timely caution in his ears, and he only said,

"This is neither the time nor the place for discussing that question, Madeline. But after tea I will have something to suggest."

"On what subject?" inquired Mrs. Dainty, showing the existence of a no very amiable mood.

"On that which is of most interest to us all; the good of these children," replied Uncle John. "What is best for them, is best to do. I think that is a plain proposition."

Mrs. Dainty was in part disarmed, and so made no answer. But she did not look as if she were in any better frame of mind. The evening meal was concluded in silence.

### CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. and Mrs. Dainty and Uncle John sat alone in the library, into which they had passed from the tea table. Uncle John referred to the remark of his niece about the children eating with inferiors. He spoke with unusual sobriety of manner, and in a voice subdued far below its ordinary tone; for Mr. Fleetwood was not only a man of quick feelings, but one who rarely took special trouble in the way of concealment.

"In what respect, Madeline," he asked, in opening the conversation, "do you think the children will suffer injury by sitting at the same table with Miss Harper? Don't be annoyed at the question. Don't let feeling obscure your mind. There is much of vital importance involved in this matter. Let us come to its consideration, moved solely by a desire to see what is right. You are the mother of these children, and your interest in them should be higher than your regard for any social usage, or for any mere prejudice. You spoke just now of Florence as an inferior and a dependent."

Uncle John paused.

"Well, is she not?" Mrs. Dainty looked steadily into the eyes of Mr. Fleetwood, with an expression that said, my question settles that proposition.

"In what is she inferior?" asked Uncle John.

"Your question is absurd, and annoys me," replied Mrs. Dainty, with sudden feeling.

"Let us put all excitement away, Madeline," said the old man. "It dims perception; and too much is involved just now, for either reason or perception to be under a cloud. My question is not absurd, but one upon the right answer to which hang, just now, momentous things. In what, then, is Florence inferior to your children? Is her mind less pure; her intellect of a lower range; her tastes less cultivated; her accomplishments defective in comparison; her love of truth, her honor, her sense of religious duty below that of your children?"

"She belongs to a lower grade in society," answered Mrs. Dainty. "And she is in this family only as a hireling."

"Madeline!" Uncle John's feelings betrayed him into more excitement than he wished to exhibit. "If you had the wealth of a Rothschild, you could not buy her services! No money consideration has led her back to this house; and I question much whether she will accept pay for any service she renders."

"Then," said Mr. Dainty, speaking for the first time, "she cannot remain. I will have no one's labor as a gratuity. We are not paupers!"

"If you can supply her place to the children," was Uncle John's reply, "she will step aside, pleased, I am sure, to retire from a position in which she is so poorly appreciated."

"I value her in her place," said Mr. Dainty. "Value her beyond all price. Amount of compensation need be no barrier to her remaining with the children. But if she demands an equality of position with us, the case is settled at once."

"You put my own thoughts into words." said Mrs. Dainty.

"She has demanded nothing," replied Uncle John. "Suggested nothing; intimated nothing. I saw her, and told her of our trouble. She came at my solicitation, to help us, and her services can never be repaid. Her presence

in the house seemed like the presence of an angel. You asked her to remain, and she consented, but without stipulation. And now, in the beginning of this restored relationship, it is for us to consider well the subject, and to define her position. The higher we lift her, so far as external things are concerned, the greater power for good will she possess. The teacher, guide, and daily companion of our children, should be our social equal. How else can the governess, to whom so high an office is delegated, lift them up to our level? An inferior the companion and instructor of our children! Think of it. Can the coarse, unskilled hands of an inferior mould into forms of spiritual beauty the yielding and impressible elements of a child's mind, that sublime structure over which angels bend in silent wonder! An inferior for this work! God forbid! Choose rather the wisest and the best, and give her the place of honor in your household. Honor her for her gifts and graces; and your children honoring her also, will be drawn within the circle of her heavenly attractions. Edward! Madeline! There is an angel in your house to-day. You cannot hold her by the rough hands of gain. She will not be bribed to stay. Let me beg of you, then, to reach out to her the right hand of a glad welcome. Agnes, George, and Madeline have already perceived her true quality. Confirm their perceptions by your free acknowledgment, and her influence over them will be immeasurably increased."

"What do you mean, Uncle John? speak out in plain words," said Mrs. Dainty.

"Put her upon a social equality with yourself."

"How?"

"If she were your sister, what then?"

"She is not."

"But if she were? Then she would sit with you at table; she would meet your friends; she would be a trusted companion."

"She is *not* my sister," answered Mrs. Dainty.

"Suppose she were the daughter, or adopted daughter of a valued friend, or wealthy citizen."

"That would alter the case. But she is not."

"Are you sure?" Uncle John's voice fell to a lower tone, and had in it a quiver of feeling.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Dainty, with confidence.

Uncle John let his eyes sink to the floor. It was plain that there was something held back in his thoughts.

"I wish," he said, at length, almost sadly, "that I could help you to see below the surface of things. That you were able to tell gold from tinsel—worth from its counterfeit. All true value lies in quality. You know the quality of Florence Harper. Honor the good, then. Be independent in your sphere of life. Set the noble example of being just. You can afford to do so. Let it be seen as a new thing, and worthy of emulation, that in choosing a companion and instructor for your children, you take one worthy to sit by your side and share your favor and confidence. You cannot see into the mind of an inferior and a dependent, as you can into the mind of one who is regarded as an equal."

But Uncle John could not lift the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Dainty up into the clear-seeing region that his own occupied.

"It is all in vain to press that view," said his niece. "There are certain social distinctions that must be maintained. As to Miss Harper, if her presence as a governess in our family is to be at the cost of your constant interference in the matter of position, I shall be driven to the necessity of dismissing her from my service."

The little head of Mrs. Dainty balanced itself firmly, and she looked dignified and composed. But she was not prepared for the change that instantly appeared in Uncle John's manner. He stood up very erect, with a firm, decided manner, and said, like a man in earnest,

"You will not, I presume, reverse your present decision?"

"I will not," replied the lady.

"Then Florence cannot remain." Mr. Fleetwood spoke as by authority.

"I can't see," said Mrs. Dainty, "that you have any right to control her movements."

"The time is coming, mayhap, when you will see. For the sake of your dear children"—the old man's voice became unsteady—"whom I love, with all their faults, almost as well as if they were my own, I consented to let Florence take a position in your family that you regard as an inferior one ——"

"*You* consented!" interrupted the niece, with some asperity and some surprise.

"Yes, I consented. Or, rather, constrained her to the act."

"You! What is the meaning of this, Uncle John? What did you know of Florence Harper before she came into this house?"

"Enough to make me class her with the best and the noblest of women! And her conduct here has only confirmed this estimate of her character."

"I wish you would speak out more plainly, Uncle John." The haughty manner of Mrs. Dainty was breaking down.

"Her mother's maiden name was Florence Williams," said the old man, in a low, quiet voice.

Mrs. Dainty's face showed a slight pallor.

"You remember her?"

"Yes."

"The daughter is as pure and true, as refined and accomplished, as was her mother. Now you understand me. In heart, she is my next a-kin. If I were her father, I could not love her more. The indignities she has suffered in this house, and at your hands, Madeline, have cut me sharply, and they pain even now like freshly opened wounds. It will be hard for me either to forget or forgive them, for they struck like arrows, in tenderest places."

Mrs. Dainty was speechless with surprise, and the pallor of her countenance increased. Mr. Dainty ventured no remark.

"I did not wish to make this revelation now," said Mr. Fleetwood. "But you have forced it upon me. My hope was that you would be clear-seeing enough to comprehend her true character, and give her a place by your side, because she was worthy to sit there. I thought that you would be able to comprehend the force of what I said just now, about the importance of making your children's trusted companion and instructor your social equal, in order that she might all the while be lifting them up towards the elevated position you desired them to occupy. But pride obscured true perception. And so I have been forced to an earlier declaration than I desired, of my adopted daughter's true relation."

"Adopted daughter!" Mrs. Dainty looked confounded.

"Even so, Madeline. Even so! And if she were my own child I could not love her more tenderly. True, wise, noble-hearted, self-abnegating girl! To me it is a cause of wonder that your eyes were not able to see the angel in your home."

"I am bewildered, Uncle John," said Mrs. Dainty, greatly subdued. "Leave me now, that I may collect my thoughts."

"As you collect them," replied Mr. Fleetwood, "I pray you to examine each with the closest care. Only true thoughts lead to right actions. Let there be no error in your summing up—no fatal defect in your conclusions. There are two paths diverging before you—Madeline—spoiled child of a dear sister! beware, lest you take the wrong one!"

And he went, in evident agitation, from the room.

CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.

## "LAURIE!"

BY EMILY HEWITT BUZBEE.

When the Spring wrote out her poem
On the waiting hills and vales;
Breathed her music and her fragrance
Out upon the gentle gales;
Smiled upon the soft'ning sunshine;
Beckoned up the timid flowers;
Clothed the sturdy trees in beauty;
Lengthened out the sweet day-hours;

Then I met and loved thee, Laurie!
Thou wert fairer than the Spring;
Then thou wert my proud life's idol!
Days flew by on golden wing,
Through that tender, gentle Spring-time,
'Neath the soft, and azure sky.
Oh! I never dreamed such poison
In so fair a flower could lie!

And this Autumn night's thy *bridal!*
Laurie! *ours* it should have been.
Wild the wailing blast is shrieking;
Shrieking out thy cruel sin!
Thou art bright with mirth and splendor
In yon mansion's festive light;
In *thy* heart is Spring and sunshine;
In my own 'tis Winter night!

# A FEW WORDS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

Oh, married life is sweet, delicious, one piled up mass of sunshine from one end to the other. So one would think to hear the confidential talks of misses of sixteen, or even of an older age, and to judge from the thousand and one stories that are afloat on the sea of literature, that end at the bridal ceremony.

But girls! such talk and stories are all sentiment, moonshine; and you will find it out one of these days. Let me draw a picture for you.

Just imagine you are married, and seek your couch some night with the premonitory symptoms of a sick day, such as fate has seen fit to bestow upon you once in a while from childhood's hour, and you wake up in the morning, and there you are, flat on your back, with no one to do anything for you but your husband, and he, of course, in an awful hurry, as most men are when there is any nursing to be done. Well! while he is building the fire, you lie and think of two or three delicacies that might tempt your appetite, but how are you to obtain them? Your husband knows as much about cooking, as you about sawing lumber, and at last, in despair, you bring your mind down to a piece of toast; your nurse willingly assents, and cuts a slice of bread an inch thick, and sets it before the fire. You beg of him not to burn it, as burnt toast embodies the quintessence of your dislike; and he watches it carefully two minutes, and then turns to the window to see Joe Reed go by on his new two hundred dollar horse. A faint odor reaches you as he remembers the bread and grasps it up to find it as brown as scorched coffee. You remonstrate a little about his using it, plead for a new slice, but he phoo's at you, says it won't hurt it a bit, he will scrape the black off, and you say no more, and stoically think you can live without eating. You sip a few spoonfulls of insipid tea, and then lie and watch your husband as he swallows with a relish his picked up breakfast. He takes down his hat, says he is sorry he is obliged to leave home that morning, wishes one could get a hired girl without riding two days, but he will lock the doors against peddlers, and beggars, and draw the front curtains, and guesses you will go to sleep, and do nicely. You say well, try to imagine his business is really so urgent, and he is gone.

You reach for a newspaper, but your head aches so that the letters dance before your eyes; you lay it by, and think, and think, and at last doze a little, and dream about some bygone hours, when you lay an invalid in a large, tidy chamber, and sister Lucy came in and bathed your face and hands in cool spring water, and combed your hair, and plaited it back in smooth bands under a soft muslin cap, and folded the sheet down evenly under your chin, and placed the flower vase, newly filled, a little nearer the bed, and read to you a sweet poem; then your mother brought a fragrant cup of tea, and a thin slice of nicely browned toast, and some delicious peach sauce; and you wake up and find a corner of the sheet across your nose, and one bed-quilt mussed up around your neck, and the other half on the floor, and the pillows all in a heap; and you turn away with a sigh, and wonder why your husband did not hang up his coat, and put away his boots, and fold up the newspapers he scattered about the night before, when he knew there was no one else to do it.

Then you feel thirsty and reach for the tumbler on the stand, and find two flies are taking a bath in it, and, hungry, tired, and nervous, you turn to the wall, and wish mother lived near enough to run in; and tears come, and you cry, and cry, till at last you get half angry, and declare the next time your husband has a slight cold you won't make nice catnip tea, and heat bricks to place at his feet, and run to the neighbors to borrow a little fish to coax him to eat. Catch you sitting by him again, to keep the flies off; no, you will lock him up with burnt toast, and fly water, and let the bed remain in ridges, like an unharrowed ploughed field, and go off visiting.

There girls, there is a picture for you of some of the piled up sunshine wives meet with; not often, or always in this form, but come it will, I sincerely believe, in some shape or other to all of you; so try to curb down your romantic dreams a trifle, and expect even more reality in married than in single life.

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A beautiful inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian graveyard: "Here lies Etella, who transported a large fortune to Heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

# Mothers' Department.

## A BEAUTIFUL NARRATIVE.

We think we have nowhere seen a more simple, touching and beautiful narrative, showing forth the power of truth, than this which follows. It is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, the author of "Country Margins," and a most pleasant and genial writer.

I witnessed a short time ago, in one of our higher Courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of the truth. A little girl nine years of age was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house. "Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the Court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the Judge. "Come here, my daughter." Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidingly up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart. "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the Judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered,

"No, sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the Judge, who saw her mistake, "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir, I never was in Court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible, open. "Do you know that Book, my daughter?"

She looked at it, and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is," inquired the Judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses. "Now," said the Judge, "you have been sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State Prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the Judge.

"I shall not go to Heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the Judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the Commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that," she said, "before I could read."

"Has any one talked to you about being a witness in Court here against this man?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came up here with Father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the Judge, while a tear glistened in his eye and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the Judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questionings, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning device of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his perjured associates,) with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

## OUR DAUGHTERS.

THE greatest danger to our daughters in the present time is the neglect of domestic education. Not only to themselves, but to husbands, families, and the community at large, does the evil extend. By far the greatest amount of happiness in civilized life is found in the domestic relation, and most of this depends on the domestic culture and habits of the wife and mother. Let our daughters be intellectually educated as highly as possible; let their moral and social nature receive the highest graces of vigor and refinement; but along with these let the domestic virtues find a prominent place.

We cannot *say* much about our daughters being hereafter wives and mothers, but we ought to *think* much of it, and give the thought prominence in all our plans for their education. Good wives they cannot be, at least for men of intelligence, without mental culture; good mothers they certainly cannot be without it; and more than this, they cannot be such wives as men need, unless they are good housekeepers; without a thorough and *practical* training to that end. Our daughters should be practically taught to bake, wash, sweep, cook, set table, and do everything appertaining to the order, neatness, economy, and happiness of the household. All this they can learn as well as not, and better than not. It need not interfere in the least with their intellectual education, nor with the highest style of refinement. On the contrary, it shall greatly contribute thereto. Only let that time which is worse than wasted in idleness, sauntering, gossip, frivolous reading, and the various modern female dissipations which kill time and health, be devoted to domestic duties and education, and our daughters would soon be all that the highest interests of society demand. A benign, elevating influence would go forth through all the families of the land. Health and happiness would now sparkle in many a lustreless eye, the bloom would return to beautify many a faded cheek, and doctor's bills would give way to bills of wholesome fare.

# BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

## LUCIA MARSH'S JOURNAL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

JULY 8.—Grandma's come to make us a visit, as she does every Summer. I don't know but it's very wrong to say so, and I wouldn't to anybody but you, Journal, for I know you won't tell any secrets, but really I do always rather dread Grandma's old-fashioned notions, although she's a good woman, and I love her very much.

It's enough to make anybody stare to see her kitchen, all hung round with festoons of dried pumpkins and apples, and long strings of squash and watermelon seeds festooning the looking-glass, with the newspaper, last year's almanac, and several skeins of blue yarn, depending from a nail on one side.

It is so amusing; the first question Grandma asks after she has inquired after all our healths, and told the general news, is, "now, Susan, ain't you got some stockings for me to darn, or some coarse sheets for me to make; my eyes are rather poor now, and I can't do fine sewing as well as I could once."

"Oh, well, Mother, you've come to visit, not to sew," Mamma always says, but Grandma won't give her any peace until "some work's hunted up."

Grandma thinks the old times were a great deal better than these, and says she don't know what the world is coming to with all its new-fangled notions.

Last night I played that new waltz I've been learning, and when I was through I said, "there, don't you think that's pretty, Grandma?"

"Oh, well, I s'pose so, child," she said, "but really I don't see what good's to come of all this drumming at that are thing," pointing to the piano. "When I was a gal folks got along without 'em well enough, and if they could make bread, and do up fine muslins, and weave, and spin, it was enough. But now-a-days a young woman isn't considered eddicated unless she can chatter French, and Latin, and understand a dozen ologies. They'll make awful expensive wives, you may depend on't."

I turned and looked at Grandma, as she sat there in her cap and spectacles, with her wrinkled face, and the grey, grey hair parted away from her forehead.

"Grandma, was you ever young?" I said, as much to myself as to her.

She took off her glasses and wiped them. "Ah, yes, my dear child, it doesn't seem but a day since I was as young, and as bright, and as full of life as

you are, and now I'm an old woman of nearly four-score, just tottering toward the grave."

And looking at her, I wondered if I should ever be an old woman, wrinkled and grey, as she was, with all that I loved best in the grave, and only, as I've read somewhere, "memories for my companions." The tears came into my eyes as I thought of all this, and I went up to Grandma and kissed her, resolving that I would never feel impatient or irritated at her "odd notions" again.

—

JULY 16.—I don't feel one bit happy to-day, for all it's such a beautiful one. Looking out of my window, I see the great purple shadows of the apple trees lying still on the grass, and every few moments some bright-breasted bird springs out of the boughs and swings gracefully through the air. Then, far off, I see the cattle drinking from the river, and the hills are covered with a smoky haze. It is very still and very warm this afternoon, and it is vacation at our school, and I have been having a real good time, until yesterday.

Papa got a small sail-boat, that will not hold more than six, early last Spring, and he made us promise that we would never enter it without he accompanied us, or at least without his permission, although he has allowed Robert to row me down to the Grove two or three times. Well, Papa went to New York day before yesterday, and we expect him home to-morrow. Yesterday Cousin Barnard and Lizzie made their advent. Wasn't I glad to see them! They remained over night, and started for home just after dinner. We took a walk down to the river, (it is only a quarter of a mile from our house,) and finding the boat there, Barnard untied it and rowed across; Lizzie went with him, and they both said everything they could to induce me to accompany them, but I remembered my promise to Papa, and refused, though I *did* want to go. In a little while they returned.

"Now it's very absurd in you, Lucia, to refuse to get in. I'm a better boatman this minute than your father, for I've taken a sail out on our river at home once a week, for the last year. Do get in now, and let me row you and Lizzie down to the bridge."

Barnard is almost as old as Robert, and I saw he understood very well how to manage a boat.

"If Papa was only here I think he'd be willing," I said, "but you know my promise, Barnard."

"Nonsense, don't be a goose, Lucia," burst in Lizzie, impatiently, "you know Uncle wouldn't care, and I'll insure your neck as far as the old bridge and back again."

Well, their reasoning finally overruled my objections, and I stepped into the boat. We had a pleasant sail, though I did not feel quite easy about going; but we did not stop at the old bridge; we went a mile further down, to the opening where the water lilies grow so thick, and gathered armfuls of these. We returned safely, but somehow a shadow has rested on my spirits ever since that sail. Perhaps it was wrong to disobey Papa, and go down the river, when I had promised him I would not do this. I do not feel like practicing, or drawing, or doing anything else. Sometimes I think I will go and confess the whole to Mamma, but I don't want to, for she and Papa trust me so entirely now; I do wish I could lift off this weight that lies somewhere on my heart or my conscience.

—

JULY 18.—Papa came home last night. Weren't we all glad to see him! He brought us all presents; Mamma a white crape shawl, Robert a new suit, and me two elegantly bound volumes of Mrs. Browning's Poems.

"I wonder if you deserve it, chicken," he said, playfully pulling my hair.

"Yes, indeed she does, answered Mamma; Lucia's been a first-rate girl ever since you went away."

"No I haven't, either," I cried, the truth leaping right up from my breast, "for I went down the river day before yesterday."

Mamma looked up, with a grave, surprised face, but I kept on, and told just how it all happened.

Robert was the first that spoke, as I concluded. "Well, you've made a clean breast of it, anyhow, this time, Sis."

"And I feel a good deal easier for it too, Robert," I answered, "for you know I'd promised Papa I wouldn't go, and if there's anything upon earth I utterly hate, abominate, and detest, it's a LIE. Ugh! I wouldn't carry one on my heart and conscience for all the world; it's heavier than a thousand pounds."

"Bravo! bravo!" said Papa, slapping me on the shoulder, "I'd rather hear you say that, Lucia, than find a thousand dollars this minute. Always let this thing, *a lie*, be to you an utter abomination. Love the truth above everything under Heaven, and there will be hope for you, as no character, whether it be man's, or woman's, or child's, can be worth anything without this love for the truth, this dread of a lie. It was wrong to go down the river without my consent, although I might have given it if I had been there; still, Lucia, if any accident had happened, the boat upset, for instance, and you had gone down, how terrible would have been your last thought: had I obeyed Papa, this would not have happened!"

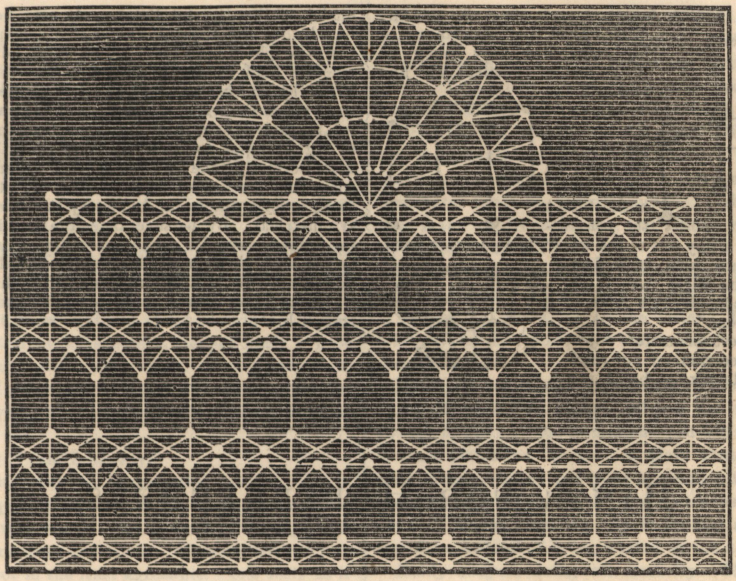
"Oh, don't, don't!" and I covered my face with my hands.

"Well, we will all thank God this didn't happen, and I'll forgive you, because you owned all so frankly; now go and look at your books."

I was very happy all last evening, and somehow a great weight seemed to have been lifted from my spirits. When I went to say "good night" to Mamma, and she drew me to her and said "good night, my dear child," in such a tender tone, I knew what she was thinking of.

—

It had grown so dark by this time that I could not well see to read any further in Lucia's Journal, so I closed it here and went down stairs.



## SCIENCE IN SPORT.

### THE NEW EPINGLE PUZZLE.

[We take the following description of a new puzzle, as it is called, from an English Magazine, but are not aware that boxes containing the very simple apparatus are for sale yet in this country. As only a number of short wires and a pint of common round peas are wanted, almost any ingenious lad might get up an "Epingle Puzzle" for himself. Common pins would no doubt answer very well. The heads could be clipped off with a pair of cutting pliers. Read the description, and try it, boys. We have engraved a number of simple forms to go to work upon.]

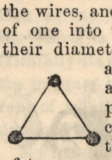
The history of education has had its reign of terror; experience has taught the fallacy of coercion, and every teacher now admits that his success mainly depends on the art of combining instruction with amusement.

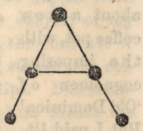
The new Epingle Puzzle, by its simplicity and successful application, cannot fail to throw a charm on the labor of acquiring several very important branches of education.

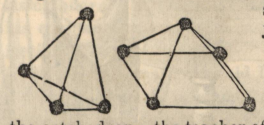
By this ingenious toy, reading, arithmetic, mathematics, crystallography, &c., may be clearly explained, and their various problems become almost imperceptibly learned; for while the attention is engaged in constructing various forms suggested, it becomes easily familiarized with the principles of their combination.

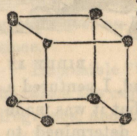
Having made these prefaratory remarks, let us open the small box before us. We find the inside to consist of two compartments, one of which is about eight times smaller than the other; the larger one is filled with white peas, a quantity sufficient to make a good penny-worth of peas-pudding, while the smaller one contains a considerable number of short wires, measuring 1½ inches in length, and each wire or pin is perfectly straight, and pointed at both ends. The peas are to be soaked sixteen hours in cold water, and are then ready for use, and we can with ease work any form suggested

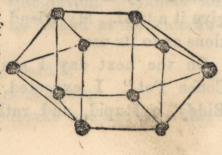
To form a triangle, we of course take three of the wires, and begin by inserting the ends of one into two peas, about half through their diameters; to this object we insert another wire in the upper pea, and then, by adding another pea and another wire, the triangle is completed. By continuing the sides of the triangle downwards, by the addition of two more wires and two more peas, the letter A is formed. To form those letters or figures which consist of curves, it is necessary to use curved wires also. The pupil having learned the simple forms, his progress rapidly follows; from a triangle he is taught to build a three or four-sided pyramid, and by joining four more wires to its bases he will soon acquire a knowledge of that well known crystal, the octohedron; the teacher of course not forgetting to impress upon his mind how many sides these forms consist of, and their true proportions to each other. Again, having made a square, the learner may proceed to form a cube, and by adding more wires to two of its sides, will have a dodecahedron, or twelve-sided figure; or, to speak more scientifically, the form of a dodecahedron, with its primitive crystal, or cube. All the other forms of crystals may be learned in the same manner. Those who are inclined to be less scientific may amuse themselves by con-



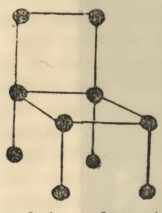


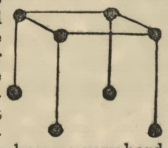


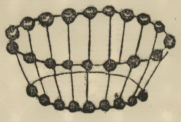




structing chairs, tables, houses, baskets, or any other object they may fancy. A bird-cage may very easily be made, and of sufficient size and strength to be large and durable enough for use; and we may here remark that the peas, after being a day out of the water, become very hard, and adhere with such firmness to the wires that it requires a considerable force to detach them.







The most beautiful object we can recommend our readers to undertake to build, is a model of the Crystal Palace. It may be remembered that the Crystal Palace was constructed on the principle of multiples; so we would advise those who are bold enough to undertake this long job to begin by making a great quantity of the smallest sized cubes the wires will form, and to be very careful, in their construction, to insert the pins exactly at right angles to each other, which will be the more correctly done by using a small square, so that when they are united together with the other wires so as to form the walls, &c., every part may appear symmetrical. By perseverance, the building, with its arched nave, its numerous galleries and apartments, with all their external and internal arrangements, may be faithfully represented, with an effect which no other means could so easily and well accomplish.

# HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

## BIDDY AND THE "OLD DOMINION."

### A SCRAP FROM MY EXPERIENCE BOOK.

BY MRS. SALLIE JONES.

I HAD heard a great deal of talk, and seen a great deal in the newspapers about a new coffee pot, with the imposing cognomen of 'Old Dominion' But I paid little attention to it; we get so used to hearing about new things, that we grow indifferent. But having been served with a cup of coffee at a friend's, altogether superior to anything I had ever tasted, I ventured a query on the subject, and learned that it was made in the newly invented boiler. So I determined to give it a trial. My friend gave me minute directions as to its use.

BIDDY IN REBELLION

On the next day I sent for an "Old Dominion Coffee Pot." I expected some trouble with my Biddy, a stupid, and rather irritable Irish girl. And I was not mistaken. Like too many house-keepers, I had been weak enough to let her elbow me out of my own kitchen, and 'rule the roast' there to her heart's content, tho' not by any means to my husband's who (a patient man in the general) did scold at times over his half-baked bread, muddy 'boarding-house coffee,' burnt steak, and 'soggy' potatoes, as he was pleased to call them.

"Biddy," said I, entering the kitchen, 'Old Dominion' in hand, "here is a new coffee pot that I want you to use."

Now, apprehension of trouble with my aforetime mistress—I may as well call things by their right names—Biddy was mistress in culinary affairs,

not Mrs. Sallie Jones! Now, apprehension of trouble, as I have said, betrayed itself in my unsteady voice, and the huzzy—forgive my temper—saw it. She stuck out her red lips, and by an effort closed them over her great projecting teeth, and looked resistance, from her sensual chin to the very roots of her black, coarse hair, which came down within an inch of her eyebrows.

My hand trembled a little as I removed the upper portion, or condenser.

"Into this," said I, pointing to the strainer in the lower part of the boiler, "you put the coffee, ground coarse."

"I don't know onything about *ma*chines!" Biddy jerked out this brief sentence, stepped back a pace or two, and drew her vulgar form upwards in affected dignity. If I hadn't been too angry for mirth, I would have laughed out at the ridiculous figure she cut.

"Biddy!" said I, sternly.

"Ma'am," said she, impudently.

I am quick-tempered under sharp provocation, and this was sharp. But I avoided an explosion. I don't like these explosions. The subsequent feelings are not in the least agreeable. One feels as if a low thing had been done. So I laid a hand upon indignation, and holding it down resolutely for a moment or two, said, "Lie still!" Indignation was obedient.

"Biddy." I think the tone of my voice took the girl by surprise. It was calmer and firmer than I had hoped to make it; and I know that my gaze was steady and penetrating as an arrow. Her eyes quailed, and soon fell to the floor.

"Biddy, do you know the way to our fourth story?"

"Yis, ma'am." She was fluttered, I could see. The question was altogether unexpected, and its meaning half-guessed on the instant.

"And the way back again to the street door?"

"Yis, ma'am." The blood began to stain her face—not the blood of impudent feeling, but of confusion.

"Very well," said I, "this is something that you do know, and if you don't care about increasing your stock of knowledge, you can just walk up to the fourth story, pack your things, and walk out of the street door. The *ma*chine, as you call it, will have to be tried; and not only tried, but used."

Biddy looked confounded, but did not stir. I kept my gaze steadily upon her face, holding her as an animal is sometimes held by the human eye.

"Come," said I, firmly. "Decide on the instant."

Biddy commenced stammering out some incoherent exceptions to my wholly unlooked-for ultimatum.

"If you remain," said I, interrupting her, "the first thing to be done is to make an apology for your impertinence."

"Well, Mum—you see—I didn't—that is, I was thinking—no, I wasn't thinking at all, Mum—only you see, I forgot myself."

"Very well; that will do," said I, resolutely, breaking in upon her confused apology. "You conclude to stay and behave yourself. And now let us understand each other before the next step is taken. I am mistress here, and you the cook. That is the first thing I wish you to comprehend. I give orders, and you are the one to obey. When you find it inconvenient to obey my orders, I wish you to say so in a respectful manner. But impudence must never again be ventured upon. I shall consider it the unpardonable sin, and dismiss you from my service at once."

Biddy was conquered, and thoroughly humbled.

"Now," said I, calmly and kindly, "I wish you to follow my directions to the letter. This new coffee pot must be boiled out thoroughly, in order to cleanse it."

But I will not occupy your time with the mention of my directions to Biddy. If you are fortunate enough to get an "Old Dominion" you will find with it plain directions for use; so plain that error is next to impossible; and your husband will find, to his infinite satisfaction, the fragrant aroma of his Java or Mocha awaiting him in his cup, at breakfast time, instead of being wasted on the air.

Biddy obeyed, doing all correctly. The coffee pot was placed on the range to boil, and I went back to my sitting-room. Two or three times during the next hour I went down to the kitchen to look at my "Old Dominion." There it sat upon the stove, a modest looking coffee pot, keeping faithfully its own secrets. Not even a faint odor of the fragrant berry was on the air, and no one ignorant of what its tin walls enclosed would ever have dreamed of an infusion of Java.

My hand trembled a little with excitement as I poured the coffee for my husband, at supper time. He was wholly in the dark on the subject of my "Old Dominion." He took the cup, the contents of which were of a clear brown color, stirred the coffee, and then raised it towards his lips. But something arrested his hand, and I saw him inhale the rising odor. Then he set the cup down quickly, and his countenance expressed both surprise and satisfaction.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"How singularly new and fresh is the odor of this coffee. Why it seems as if I were smelling ground coffee just dropping from the mill. You must have burned, ground, and made it, all within the last ten minutes."

"So far from that," I replied, "the coffee was ground over an hour ago, and has been boiling ever since."

"Impossible!" answered my husband, and then he raised the cup to his lips. He tasted, inhaled the fragrance, and tasted again.

"Delicious!" was his ejaculation. "Boiled an hour, did you say?" and he looked at me incredulously.

"An hour, to a minute," said I.

He lifted his cup and drank again.

"The nectar of the gods was not equal to this!

Why, if I were a drunkard, and supplied with such coffee, I would find swearing off from brandy the easiest thing in all the world!"

I could not help laughing out at my good husband's enthusiasm.

"What's the secret? how was it made?" he inquired.

"By a new process; or rather, in a new coffee boiler, just invented."

"Indeed!"

"It's called the 'Old Dominion Coffee Pot,' patented by a Virginian, I believe."

"Old Dominion Coffee Pot!" There was contempt on my husband's face. "That's a humbug!"

"Indeed! who gave you the information?" said I.

"Harry Wilson. I was talking with him about it only to-day. He says he bought one, and his cook couldn't do anything with it."

"Because *she* was a humbug," said I, a little indignantly. "Do you call this coffee a humbug?"

"Oh, no, this is the real Simon pure; coffee itself, not coffee's ghost!" And Mr. Jones proved his assertion by another satisfactory application to the cup before him.

"It was made in the 'Old Dominion Coffee Pot.'" I spoke emphatically.

"Enough said, Sallie, dear! I take back the word."

"You'd better, if you want real coffee in future, instead of coffee's ghost."

"But how is it, Sallie, that your cook was able to use the coffee pot so satisfactorily, and Mrs. Wilson's could do nothing with it?"

"Because, I suppose, Mrs. Wilson's cook is mistress, instead of maid, as Biddy tried to be."

"Ho! Then you've had some trouble with Biddy?" said Mr. Jones, smiling.

"A little. She pronounced against the '*ma*chine,' as she called it, the moment I entered the kitchen."

"Well!" I had paused.

"I, in turn, pronounced against her."

"Good!"

"She had my ultimatum on the spot. It was Old Dominion *and* Biddy, or Old Dominion *without* Biddy!"

"Good again!" ejaculated my husband, delighted beyond measure.

"Old Dominion was strongest, and Biddy had to give in. So you have a cup of coffee that is coffee; and what is still better, shall always have it. I rather think that my husband's pleasure, comfort, and health, are of a trifle more importance to me than the whims and caprices of a coarse, ignorant, ungrateful Irish cook, who doesn't half know her business!"

"Just my own opinion, darling!" responded Mr. Jones, who always says "darling" when he is uncommonly well pleased with me. "As for your Old Dominion," he ran on, "it's no humbug, but a trump! Won't I have the laugh on Harry Wilson, though! He shan't hear the last of it soon!"

I made it my business to drop down upon Biddy on the next morning, half an hour before breakfast, to see if matters were going on well. She had drank of the coffee made on the previous evening, and its rich flavor produced effects, I presume, as well as my injunctions. The "Old Dominion" was doing its part of the business right. The beverage was finer even than on the first trial. Then we noticed a slight metallic taste from the tin; but now this was scarcely perceptible.

Since that time we have had coffee worthy of the name. Once Biddy melted the handle off of our "Old Dominion." While it was getting mended she boiled coffee in the common boiler, and lost, of course, all the aroma. Such stuff! Mr. Jones set his cup down with a jar that spilled half of the flat and bitter fluid upon the table-cloth, and made use of an expletive that respect for his good reputation will not suffer me to repeat.

"Get two 'Old Dominions,' Sallie!" said he to me, after the cause was explained; so that if an accident happens to one, the other may be at hand for use. But let us have no more stuff like this!"

I acted upon the hint.

Not long ago I overheard Biddy extolling in extravagant terms to an Irish visitor, (a cook in some other family,) the "Old Dominion." The crowning merit was that she had as good coffee in the kitchen as they had at the first table; and "if onything, better," she added, "for it's boiled longer." And Biddy was about right. When cooks understand this, their opposition to the "*ma*chine," as Biddy called it, will cease.

My gain has been twofold. I am mistress in my own kitchen, and intend to remain so—that is gain number one. And gain number two is, my husband now has *coffee* for his breakfast every day—before it was only the ghost of coffee, and its very decided charnel-house flavor showed that the vitalizing spirit was gone.

So much for my experience in the "Old Dominion;" and I give it to my sister housekeepers as justly their due.

There is nothing connected with the economy of our households from which more annoyance springs, than from the coffee-making department. If the male members of the family, in particular, happen to know what good coffee is, and you are successful in getting it provided for them now and then, I need not remind you of the sour faces, or sharp words that come in to give an unpleasant zest to the morning's meal on occasions of failure. Cook boils the coffee a little too long, wasting all the aroma, and a flat, bitter, or sour beverage is the consequence. Husband, grown-up son, or privileged brother, pushes his cup aside, and mutters, "such stuff!" The pleasant conversation ceases, faces grow sober, and your's gets flushed. No matter how delicate the rolls, how juicy the steak, how faultless the omelette, the "bad coffee" has done its bad work, and nothing is enjoyed at the meal.

Isn't this a true picture, sister housekeepers? I

hear your assenting responses from all sides. Well, I have found a remedy; and now you have the benefits of my discovery and my experience. If you want to see your husband really enjoy himself, get an "Old Dominion," and make your cook use it. It is just the article for which coffee drinkers have been looking, these five hundred years and more, and Yankee ingenuity has at last given it to the world. As a matter of economy, it also commends itself. I am using one-third less coffee, and some of my friends only use half the quantity that was formerly required. I need not enlarge on this point of merit. It will come home at once to your purses and porte-monnaies.

But I must close. I meant to include my experience with the "Old Dominion" in a *brief* but pleasant sketch. You see that it has grown on my hands into pages. I send it to you through my favorite Magazine; that is, if the editors will let it pass the ordeal of their criticism.

### SILVER PLATED WARE.

The great perfection recently attained in the manufacture of this ware is truly wonderful. But a short time since, very little was made or used. Within a few years, however, this art has been brought to so great perfection, that this ware may now be produced fully to equal in style and beauty the finest articles in solid silver. The development of this art is of great benefit to every economical housekeeper, for now, by expending ten dollars, they can buy an article in appearance and utility equal to what in solid silver would cost about fifty dollars, or at about one-fifth the expense. They avoid also the danger of great loss by burglars, fire, or careless servants.

Among the finest specimens of this ware yet produced, are those manufactured by Mr. E. W. Carryl, No. 628 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. His list of articles includes all articles usually made in silver, among which are full setts of dinner, tea and breakfast service, of castors, soup tureens, chafing dishes, pitchers and goblets, tea setts, cake baskets, urns, butter dishes, forks, spoons, &c.

The ornamenting is in keeping with the pattern; some being elaborately chased in cottage scenery, scroll work, wreaths, flowers, &c., in full setts to match, while other patterns are finished with plain mirror-like surfaces. Of the great variety of ware manufactured by Mr. Carryl, the articles are of the finest quality, and as such guaranteed to the purchaser.

# THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

## FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1858

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

### DETAILS OF THE COLORED PLATE.

TOILET OF THE LITTLE GIRL.—Dress of white pique, (a kind of white marseilles) bordered with pique, figured in either blue or pink. *Casaque* of similar material, and with edges like the dress. *Bergeronnette* hat, of Italian straw, ornamented with black velvet, and a heavy wreath of flowers and foliage. Nansout *pantelets*, embroidered in strawberry points; sleeves and collar of plain muslin. Lace-boots of French grey satin. Russet-colored or blueish drab kid gloves.

TOILET OF THE BABY.—Long robe, of a white muslin called *percale*, open in the front, and the front edges trimmed with a width of embroidery; large pelerine, of the talma form, trimmed to correspond, as is also the little cape; baby-hat of white taffetas *pique*, ornamented with white blonde and a little ruche of blue.

TOILET OF THE MOTHER.—*Robe de chambre* of reps-fashioned Chinese blue, lined with white silk. It is open from the top to the bottom, and bordered with a row of *guipure*, back of which is a ruche of blue ribbon. Sleeves open in the Greek style, and trimmed to correspond with the rest; the *guipure* and the ruche are reproduced on the sleeves, and the upper ruche continues around the neck and across the upper part of the back. A large blue cord and tassels serves to close it around the waist. The underskirt, or *jupon*, is of *nansout*, covered with little flounces of lace like that on the *robe de chambre*. The undersleeves of plain muslin, puffed in *bouillonnes*, ornamented with little knots of blue ribbon. Cap of *guipure* lace, mixed with black lace, and blue knots and ribbons.

### GENERAL REMARKS.

As the *Robe de chambre* is in more general request in the Spring season than during any other, we have given a favorite sample for a young mother, in the picture plate; but the following is a style much preferred by young ladies.

Material of light grey *gros de Louis*, made in the fashion of Louis XVI, with *twillage* of narrow cherry velvet. This *twillage* faces the edges of the skirt, which meet in front in little checks or squares of two inches in diameter, and one inch at the top, where the squares are smaller, and the facing narrower. This cherry velvet ribbon plaid border, ten inches wide at the bottom of the skirt, and five inches wide at the neck, forms a lively contrast with the pearl grey of the ground. The hang-

ing sleeve—extending to the ends of the fingers—is open both behind the arm all the way, and to the elbow on the front; and the bottom and back of the sleeve is trimmed with velvet ribbon in keeping with the front edges of the robe. The robe has no waist, but is thrown off from the neck to the skirt behind in *demi-train*, at an angle of thirty-three degrees. There is no cord and tassels worn with it, for the design is that it shall touch nowhere but at the neck and shoulders, depending from thence in the real morning gown peculiarity of our Grandmas. The shoulders and the front edges of the sleeves are prettily trimmed with red and grey gimp, and a tassel of the same color ornaments the lower corner of each back seam of the sleeve.

*Mantillas.*—The plain black or brown circular, rather long, and pointed behind, is preferred; it is made either with a hood or a collar, according to the preference of the wearer.

The *Burnous*, being a circular cloak, with a point behind, one at each side, and two in front, each point ornamented with a tassel, and made with a hood, is generally preferred as an over-dress for the ball and opera. When made of crimson velvet, the tassels are of gold; but our ladies generally prefer those of white, blue, or pink cashmere, or silk, lined and ornamented with silk and tassels, forming a lively contrast.

The *Casaque* is still in vogue, and as much as ever the favorite of demoiselles; but the small embroidered shawl, trimmed with lace, is the cream of the cream. Of shawls it may be truly said there are no new styles but the one just named. The cashmere shawl, with poplin and plaid borders, and those of Lyons manufacture, with edges of chenille fringe and embroidery, are quite the ton, especially if the ground be a light grey tint, and the border a lively and tasteful contrast.

Of dress goods, nothing is more fresh and recherche than the light and pliant silks, *ragee* in fine horizontal thread lines; and then there is the *lais de cote* as a character in the style of all Spring goods; the bands up each side of the skirt, leaving an apron-shaped front, are usually plaid, or diagonally striped; a favorite style is a lilac ground, with green and lilac-figured stripes up the sides of the skirt.

Brocades, moire antiques, and taffetas are still in demand for full dress, and as we intimated with the last number, quite an effort has been made here to introduce the *retrousse* (looped up) skirt over the red and black striped Balmoral petticoat, but it did not succeed. Our ladies are not a whit behind our merchants and artistes in intelligence, and knowing, as they do, that Queen Victoria merely adopted the *retrousse* skirt and the red and black worsted petticoat while on her visit to Balmoral, in compliment to her Scottish subjects, and in the Fall of the year, too, they are not so silly as to adopt it here for other wear than as a *neglige*, and that occasionally, while on a tour at the north, or at watering places, late in the Summer and Fall. But, though Victoria finds it hard to set a fashion here, the dress called *Eugenia a Pentes* is all the rage as a morning dress. It is of the *droguet genre*, and by its plainness and durability suited to the times, while there is a dash of coquetry in the gay colors forming its apron by the *lais de cote* stripes at the sides, which inspires hopefulness and lightness of heart.

Scotch plaids, printed merinos, china muslins, figured and plain, English chalees, Irish poplins, Victoria plaids, and calicoes in *chene* and *lais de cote* patterns are all in great demand.

For full toilet, the hanging sleeve is again coming into vogue. Already at our gay parties may be seen the arm quite bare, and sometimes partly covered by a long open sleeve, which falls from the shoulder to the knee. It is a style which has a *cache* of elegance, giving the dress a more sumptuous appearance. Trimming the sides of the skirt with ribbon, as well as embroidery, is also much in fashion.

### BONNETS.

It is said they are decidedly larger than they were last year, but we doubt it. Our ladies are not yet tired of the small bonnet. The luxury of looking sidewise or behind, without turning the head, is appreciated by them, and therefore they object to lengthening the sides of the bonnet. It is lengthened over the front of the crown, to be sure, so that the border approaches the edge of the hair over the centre of the forehead, but then it clings close to the head, and is rather prettier than the last year's style, while it is, with its elastic border, much more comfortable Very few trimmings are worn, and these consist of a lace *voilette*, very narrow, fastened to the front edge and falling back over the border, a few flowers and foliage on each side, placed very low, and the bonnet, or the ears of it, extend down to the lower part of the jaw; the *brides*, (strings) are wide, curtain a moderate depth and full; ribbons also mix sparsely with the flowers and foliage; a ruche of blonde under the border is enlivened with a few flowers of the season. The earliest flowers in use are the lilac and violet, after which comes the rose and the thousand others to select from to suit the complexion and harmonize by blending with the color of the bonnet. It is common to trim a full dress bonnet with a very narrow edging of lace, round the curtain and ears, to meet the little *voilette* thrown back from the border. The soft and drooping crown is still preferred. The flat hat, with a very narrow fall of lace from the edge of the brim, is still in vogue for demoiselles. The materials for bonnets are black satin, isly green silk, French blue do., straw-colored silk, and white, with sometimes pink for full toilet. The only taste required for making a pretty bonnet is that for arranging the size and disposing the trimmings, for the bonnet frame is furnished as an article of commerce.

COIFFURES (head dresses) are the same as when last reported, only the wreath of flowers which hides

the back of the head is enlivened with early Spring flowers.

The front of the head is dressed in plaited tresses, or each side of the head is divided into three tresses, which are disposed in careless embrace, with a curled ringlet falling from each side to coquette with the neck.

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MORNING AND DRESS CAPS.

No. 1 is a Morning Cap; one of those graceful little affairs that make the morning toilette so piquant. It is made of insertion, in which the finest needlework is embossed, as it were, on lace; this insertion is arranged in bands between rows of guipure lace. The cap curves over the top of the head with a graceful sweep, where it is edged and gathered back in a cluster of lace and rose-colored ribbons; two bows of ribbon ornament the back of the crown, one high up behind, the other near the neck, over which it floats in loops and long narrow streamers.

No. 2 is also a breakfast cap, made of application lace, very light and delicate. It curves down over the top of the head, but very slightly, and the edge is defined by a band of blue terry velvet, finished at both edges with a row of fine applique. This pretty style of lace is gathered back at the left side with a profusion of velvet loops and ends, but it turns back with an abrupt sweep, crosses the back of the crown, and ends on the right side with a cluster of rich blue flowers.

No. 3 is a dress cap, made of tulle. Three rich ruches of tulle form the front border; one of these terminates at the temple in bands of pink ribbon, and the other two peep out from beneath them. The top of the cap is covered by a little fauchon or half-handkerchief of black tulle, ornamented with three rows of narrow velvet, and edged with black lace. The point of the fauchon droops behind, and peeping out from beneath it is a bow of pink ribbon with ends; streamers of pink ribbon float from the masses of tulle and bows on each side.

No. 4. This is a charming little creation, very French and graceful, as its name indicates: *The Rosebud Cap.* It is made of silk tulle. The front is trimmed with a fullness of tulle, set thick, with white and red rosebuds arranged in an uneven wreath, and mingled at the sides in tufts, with loops and cherry-colored ribbon; a little black blonde is mingled with the side ribbons. A very wide pink ribbon, edged with black blonde, passes over the head, is caught up in a loop on each side, and flows over the shoulders in broad rich streamers. A bow of mingled cherry and pink, edged with the black blonde, finishes the cap behind.

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# NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SKETCHES OF ART, LITERATURE AND CHARACTER. By Mrs. Jameson. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Mrs. Jameson writes with so true an appreciation of art and life, that her productions retain a youthful freshness even after the lapse of many years. Nearly a quarter of a century ago this volume charmed the reading public; and it will charm them now as well. "It is a record," in the language of an appreciating critic, "made with all the author's well-known loving interest and quiet enthusiasm touching matters of art, of old travels in Nuremberg, Munich, Dresden, &c., and visits to quaint old places, hallowed by their associations with art and literature; loiterings through dreamy galleries of painting and sculpture; interviews with Moritz Retsch, and like celebrities; day dreams in dim old cathedrals, when the incense rose, and deep-toned organs sounded. Of such themes Mrs. Jameson, better than any other author, is qualified to speak."

THE MODERN BRITISH ESSAYISTS. By Thomas Carlyle. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

This is a valuable book to the general reader and to the scholar. It is embellished with a very fine engraving of the author. Every page seems informed with his subtle and scathing genius. We find here the man who looks back and forward on humanity with sad, earnest, pitying eyes; who reverences it, spite of its deformities and diseases, and who believes in its grand possibilities for good. This volume of more than five hundred and fifty pages, embraces his complete critical and miscellaneous essays, and, how much soever we may differ in some points from the writer, we cannot but admire the tone and fibre of his genius, cannot but do honor to his hatred of all social shams, and his reverence for truth, and rise, strengthened and refreshed, from his pages.

MARGARET. A Tale of the Real and Ideal; Blight and Bloom. By Sylvester Iredell, Jr. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

A story of country life, of much interest. "The book takes our country," to use the author's words, "as it emerges from the Revolution, and does not bring it down to what it now is, but carries it up, or a portion of it, to what it is conceived should be." Its pictures of old-fashioned country life are drawn with a skilful hand. Then, it has power, as well as picturesqueness; real force and flavor. Margaret, the heroine, is no namby-pamby creation, of the Matilda Rose order, but a character who enlists the reader's sympathies, and whom life's discipline developes and blesses.

# Editors' Department.

## "He Died Rich."

People said this everywhere, when the morning papers announced the death of John Russell, President of the —— Bank. They said it on Wall street, where they count wealth by hundreds of thousands, and they said it in elegant parlors, and by luxurious breakfast tables, all over the squares and avenues of the great city; they said it, too, in dark alleys, and in squalid homes where all his thousands could not buy back to the millionaire one hour of the life that was to them a burden and a misery. Everywhere it was the same story, "He died rich."

His family and his friends thought so, as they gathered around the bedside of the dying man; and you, reader, would have thought it too, if you could have looked around that chamber, into which death was entering with his dumb footfalls and his ghastly presence. Oh, it was a princely room! Rare pictures flushed the walls, that Winter day, with the glory of Arcadian Summers; the fairest blossoms of Southern Mays were piled thick upon the costly carpet; and the daintily embroidered drapery fell in soft, crinkled clouds from the massive bedstead. And the owner of all this magnificence lay there dying; and through all his life of more than threescore years, he had toiled and struggled for this—to die rich! He had bought lands, and sold them; he had sent richly freighted ships to foreign ports; he had owned shares in railroads, and stock in Banks, and now!

Ah! there was an angel who stood at the bedside of John Russell in that dying hour, and the man had nothing out of all his life to give him; no generous, noble, self-sacrificing deeds, which would have been pearls, and gold, and all precious jewels in the hand of the angel; so he wrote down at the close of the last chapter of John Russell's life, "*He died poor.*"

And John Russell saw the words as his soul followed the angel on that journey which sooner or later we must all take, and he knew then for the first time that all the labor, and toil, and struggling of his life on earth, had only brought him this verdict at the bar of the kingdom of Heaven, "He died poor."

"He died poor." A very few persons said this of an old man who lay in a back chamber of a small dilapidated building, whose solitary window looked out on the back garden of John Russell's residence. The floor was bare, and there were only a few chairs, a table, and a low bed in the room. By its side stood an old black woman, whom the dying man had occasionally furnished with an armful of wood, or a loaf of bread. She moistened his cold lips with water, or held the tallow candle close to his dim eyes, so that he might see once more the light of this world. He had not a dollar upon earth; his fortune had taken wings and flown away; his wife and his children had gone before him, his friends had deserted or lost sight of him, and now none remained to watch with the old man till death called him, but the grateful old black woman whom he had saved from starvation.

But the angel with the book stood there, too, and looking over that old man's life, he saw how many good, and gentle, and generous deeds brightened every year; how he had been kind to the suffering, and forgiven such wrongs as make men fiends, and striven, through all the trials and temptations of his long, sad life, to be true to God and himself. So the angel wrote under the last chapter of this old man's life, and every letter shone like some rare setting of diamonds, "*He died rich.*"

And the old man knew it, too, when he stood at the silver gates of the Eternal city, and they led him in, and showed him the "inheritance to which he was heir."

There was the house not made with hands, with its columns of pearl, and its ceilings of jasper, with its pleasant rooms, and its lofty halls, and its mighty organs from which peal forever the notes of praise to our God!

There, too, was the pleasant landscape, with its green avenues, its golden pavilions, its trees waving in the joy of eternal leaves, and its silver meadow lands sloping down to the river of eternal waters. He was heir to all these things, and he took their title deeds from the hands of God's angels, and entered into their possession, while they were saying pityingly on earth, "He died poor."

Ah, reader! how unlike it is with the things here, and the things there. All the wealth of this world cannot buy one acre of the soil "on the other side the river," nor one title deed to its pleasant homes, or its fountains of sweet waters; but only live so that when you sail out on the great sea of death you shall bear with you to the golden ports those blessed words of the angels, "He died rich," and you shall be satisfied with your inheritance in the "kingdom of Heaven."

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We had a pleasure the other day, reader, a pleasure so great and rare that we want to tell it to you, to you who will rejoice in it for our sakes; and for those who will not, why they can just turn over to the next page, as quiet and courteously as one does from guests that bore to those that interest them.

We met a lady the other day—a lady whose rare cultivation, and whose beautiful life and character is a glory to her sex—a lady who was the mother of five sweet children, and who takes *five* numbers of our Magazine for her own family and her friends;

sending some to the far away prairies, where it may be they will drop good seed that shall spring up into white fragrant harvests among human hearts, and this lady said to us, "We never call you, at home, 'Miss Townsend;' we never think of you, as that. To the children and to me you are always 'Our Virginia,' whose letters come to us every month, and whom we know and love."

Ah, reader, it may be *your* pen has told us something like this before, and we may have laid down the letter with a sorrow, and a longing at our heart that we could not take the hand that wrote the words; but now we looked upon the lips that said them, and meeting for the first time, we were not strangers, we had "known each other"

Alas! we shall probably say this here of few of those who send to us such blessed messages of love and faith. Homes over whose threshholds our feet may never pass; firesides around which our place shall never be told; smiling faces upon whom our eyes shall never look; voices to whose soft tones our ears shall never hearken; our heart yet goes out after you in tender thoughts and blessings, and your memory is the greatest happiness that this world brings to us!

And friends whom "not having seen, we love," if we live true to God and ourselves *here*, we shall meet *there!* Our palaces will wait for us in those fair shores, and the angels who keep the keys will deliver them up when we call for them. Shall we not meet together in those stately mansions, whose walls are set with diamonds and all precious stones; shall we not sit together under our royal vines and fig trees; and shall our voices not mingle together in that blessed song which thrilled along the foundations of Heaven before the morning stars sang together for joy, and which shall strike gloriously through eternity when He who laid the massive timbers of this world shall have upheaved them, and shaken out from the vast robe of its waters the dead who lie deep among their wrappings?

Let us be patient. God's promises shall not fail the true in heart, and, only believing in Him, shall we not meet "at home," to rejoice forever?

V. F. T.

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## A NOTICEABLE POEM.

We find in the St. Paul *Pioneer and Democrat* the following, which in every stanza gives evidence of high poetic ability. The imagery is unusually luxuriant, and almost overloads the sentiment, half hiding it at times; but all is so rich, and the promise so remarkable, that we cannot but let criticism subside into admiration. The writer, if he cultivates the beautiful art in which his first essays have shown so much excellence, will in a few years be known as one of our most gifted poets. Though "The Bells" is published anonymously, we cannot be mistaken as to the author, from whose pen we have already published two or three poems of high merit. His name, we venture to say, is Thomas Yardley, formerly of our city, and now in business at St. Paul. We rarely see anything from his pen in print, but when he does find leisure to write, the product is something worthy to live.

### THE BELLS.

Somehow, on this Sabbath morn,
Thoughts of pain are Pallas-born;
Peace lies sleeping, overworn.

All the melancholy bells
Seem to ring responsive knells
Over dying asphodels.

They should marriage music chime
Through the corridors of Time,
In this gorgeous Northern clime.

They should utter, jubilant,
Airs of the Millennial chant,
Making life rejuvenant.

But instead, my silent rooms
Throng with shadows from the glooms
Of the belfrys, as from tombs.

Vistas open down the skies,
Blessed days departed rise,
With their dead before my eyes,

And like one upon the Nile
In the moonlight, mile by mile,
I float down the Past meanwhile,

Hearing in the dreamy air,
On the water, everywhere,
Preludes of persuasive prayer,

Gentle, gentle as the breeze
That o'er Syrian olive trees
Murmurs *benedicites*,

Till my eyes suffuse with tears,
And the Philæ of crowned years
Trembles, crumbles, disappears.

Then some Memnon where I stand,
Touched with sunlight, smites the sand,
As with a magician's wand,

And afar I seem to see
Oases awaiting me
In Saharas yet to be.

Haply, as with whispered psalms,
On I press towards the palms
And the cooling counter-calms

Of Siroccos of the Soul,
What supported to the goal
As a mirage may uproll.

Yet he gains who long awaits,
Struggling bravely with the Fates,
And if what I fancy Dates—

Water, welcome as the snow—
Prove phantasmal as I go,
Strength will fail me not, I know,

Till the pilgrimage, begun
Sadly, trustingly be done,
And the shrine of Mecca won.

Therefore, O! ye bells of day,
Earnest battle marches play.
Ambushed Troubles guard the way

To the Promised Land of ease;
Corsair Cares dispute the seas
Of far-off Hesperides.

And, with hand upon the glaive,
I would not look back, a slave,
To the mem'ries of the grave,

But go forward, fearlessly,
Firm of faith and clear of eye,
Prophet-hearted, till I die.

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## WIVES SHOULD BE BETTER THAN THEIR HUSBANDS.

Upon this proposition, "Rosella," one of our own valued correspondents, writes thus in the *Ohio Cultivator*. We think she is about right.

"Don't say so, even if you will think it," said a young married lady, lately, while we were talking together of the duties of wives, and I persisted in saying, wives should be better than their husbands; that at the end of ten years, if the husband could not earnestly look in his wife's patient, cheerful face and say, "As the choicest blessing of my life, I bless God that He gave you to me, for through your influence I am a better man," then she had not been all that a wife should be.

Young wife! she had never thought of this before, and as the painful truth of another duty forced itself upon her mind, she flinched and writhed like an impatient boy who was having a thorn extracted from the tough thickness of his hard heel. My heart was pained for the young wife, yet bounded with joy when she raised her bowed head from her hands, and choking the tears back, said, resolutely:

"I must be more patient and gentle, if Charlie can ever say that of me; must be a better wife than I ever have been." And then, half soliloquising, she went on, talking low, "I must be more particular about dressing neatly, like I did while he was a lover, and I must not scold Biddy, or baby Ella, or that ugly habit will grow and fasten itself upon me, until I shall always wear a scowl like that fretful Mrs. Smith, and I must be pleasant, and cheerful, and interest myself in his reading aloud, and do all I can to make him love his home.

"If I have little troubles and vexations through the day, when he comes home at night I won't tell him about them, like I used to, and I will be pleased with all he does for me, and show gratitude for every little kindness he bestows upon me.

"Dear Charlie! he is a love of a husband; he chose me among all others to walk by his side through life. I ought to make his life-path all bright and beautiful, and not plant a thorn therein. How glad I shall be, if at the end of long years of trial, I shall hear him say, 'You have made me a better man;' and, God helping me, I will hear it yet."

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## MINNIE MARY LEE.

We find in Mrs. Swisshelm's new paper, *The St. Cloud* (Minnesota) *Visitor*, the following pleasant reference to our correspondent, *Minnie Mary Lee*. She is a favorite with our readers, and they will be gratified at even so brief a glimpse of the real woman.

"This is the *nom de plume* of a popular contributor to Arthur's Home Magazine, whose home is in Sauk Rapids, a town on the opposite side of the Mississippi, and about two miles above St. Cloud. Her real name is Mrs. Wood, and her native state is New Hampshire. Her husband is a lawyer, and was Receiver at the Land Office during Gen. Pierce's administration, a gentleman of very commanding appearance, and great urbanity of manners. Their home is remarkable for the elegance of its construction and appointments. The house sits up on a high bluff, where one has the finest view of prairie, woodland, and waterfall, that we have seen in Minnesota.

"Mrs. Wood, in person, is exceedingly prepossessing, of medium height, with fair and ruddy complexion, dark masses of brown hair, and large hazle eyes beaming with intelligence. In manner, she is diffident almost to bashfulness, yet graceful, lady-like, and she has that 'excellent thing in woman, a voice low and sweet.' She appears to be one of the very few literary women who are happy in their domestic relations, and who have not fled to the pen to get away from the pressing consciousness of some crushing misery. Her only great sorrow appears to have been the death of her first born, which leaves her but one child, a bright boy of three Summers. Her pen has been an important means of making known the great natural beauty, and many resources of her adopted land. They have lived in Sauk Rapids nearly seven years, have endured all the hardships of pioneer life, and are now enjoying their reward in being already surrounded with appreciating friends, and all the comforts of civilized life."

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## POCKET MONEY FOR WIVES.

"Rosella" talks at the men, in a recent number of the *Ohio Cultivator*, after the following sharp fashion. Can it be possible that there are such mean specimens of husbands as she describes? We can hardly give the allegation credence. They don't deserve to have wives at all; much less, good wives.

"A man knows nothing about the ten thousand little necessities, and wishes, and needs in his family. If told Kitty needs a half dollar to buy new bonnet strings, he will say the old ones will do, if nicely washed. If his wife, with a slavish fear, steals up to him all a-tremble, and asks for a dollar to buy one of those loves of collars like Mrs. Slade's, he will push her arm coldly off from his broad, fat shoulder, (ah! whose nice dinners made it so broad, and fat, and muscular?) and says she has two handsome ones already, when all the neighbors are nudging each other, and calling her the woman with *the* collar, because she only has one fit to wear. And even if she wants a penny to buy baby a pair of shoe strings, or Willie a slate pencil, she has to ask 'my Lord' for it in fear and trembling, dreading a blunt refusal, coupled with a hint of extravagance. Too bad! too bad! Very likely, too, when the wife was a maiden, he, the wolf in sheep's clothing, came and wooed her away from a home of luxury and plenty, telling her glowing tales of the lovely home that awaited her, and of the great love that only sought to make her blest.

"Some husbands who give their wives an allowance of spending money, dole out the dollars one by

one, as agonizingly as though the throes of death were, inch by inch, rending the clinging soul from the body, and then distrustfully, without a bit of that great love-light that makes our's a charmed life, question the wife, meanly and suspiciously, as to how she lays out every red cent.

"Away with such men! I'd as soon be tied for life to a carcass, as be fettered by the beautiful bond of marriage to such a mock imitation of manhood!

"I pity such women, and they are not to be blamed, if, as weary years drag over them, they grow less and less like angels. Their better nature becomes warped and disfigured, and all the beauty and cheerfulness goes away from them, as the bloom from flowers, and at last their daily prayer is, 'O, give me patience!'

"Broader and brighter would fall the sunshine in the husband's pathway, if he could see and appreciate these little money matters as we women do. It is impossible for a high-souled, good woman, to revere and love a penurious husband, one who cares more for the accumulation of paltry wealth, than for the happiness of the woman who walks by his side all through life."

## MAN AND WOMAN.

A writer in *Life Illustrated* gives the following bit of advice in the matter of woman's perception in aid of man's reason. We take it from an article on noses, published some months ago:

"Women rather *feel* than think. Their perceptions are intuitive, instinctive; men's, cogitative. They are shrewder and more instantaneous in estimating character, or in deciding on action, than men. Men must think, and fume, and fret, before they can decide; must, in common parlance, set the head (reason) against the heart, (instinct,) while women rely more on the latter, and are, consequently, in judging of character, or in deciding on a course of moral conduct, more frequently right than men.

"Our advice to a man would be this: if you are at a loss, after long cogitation—as ten to one you will be—to know whether an intended act is morally right, ask a sensible woman, and she will guide you with perfect wisdom in a minute. So, again, if you would know any one's moral character, let a sensible woman converse with him for five minutes, and she will tell you without fail whether he may be trusted. Only be careful and accept her first dictum; don't argue the point with her, nor give her time to *think;* have her instinctive decision. If she thinks, she will be ten times more at fault than a man; and if you argue the matter with her, she will lead you a dance through as fine a quagmire of absurdities as can be conceived, and there leave you, up to your neck in the slough."

## A BAD HABIT.

In a lecture delivered in this city not long since, by a popular minister, we were pained to hear him use the language of Scripture in connexion with ideas of so ludicrous a character, as to occasion a laugh throughout the entire audience. In one instance, a passage which has been for ages dear to millions of hearts for its tenderness and consoling power, was so distorted from its original signification, that few in that vast audience who were so unfortunate as to hear him distinctly, will hereafter be able to gather from it all that sweet consolation it was designed to impart. The lecture had in it many ennobling sentiments; many things good and true; but we seriously question whether in all these there was enough to counterbalance the evils that will surely spring from the reverend lecturer's travesties of the Holy Word.

It is no light thing to sport with the Record of Divine truth; for it is God's Word speaking, not only to men, but to angels, and is holy in every part. To do so, injures not only the individual, but all into whose thought he flings his profane jestings. The habit needs marked condemnation; and when clergymen indulge in it, signal reproof.

## BACHELOR EDITORS.

Several bachelor editors were strongly affected towards matrimony on the appearance of our January number. The cause was a sight of that cosy picture, "The Nest at Home." The married editor of the Newberry, N. C., *Sun* says: "The bachelor editor of the *Sun* admires very much the picture entitled 'The Nest at Home,' and says it is decidedly the prettiest thing he ever saw. Ladies, take pity on him, and let him know that he can have a Nest at Home equally as interesting as that is, if he will."

There is an offer, ladies. Don't let it pass. We hope soon to hear of nest-building in the region of Newberry. Don't forget the wedding cake.

The editor of the Brownville, Min. Ter., *Herald* says: We have received 'Arthur's Home Magazine,' for January. The reading matter is No. 1. The frontispiece, 'The Nest at Home'—well, we shall not attempt a description. Ah! we looked at it, and have felt no better since. We are a bachelor, understand, reader."

Here is another chance. Ladies are scarce away out in Minnesota, we believe. Where is the Emigration Society? A shipment of young ladies "matrimonially inclined" would assuredly pay.

## THE STATUE OF BEATRICE CENCI.

Miss Hosmer's Statue of "Beatrice Cenci," for a short time on exhibition in our city, at Earle's, was visited by a large number of persons attracted by the fame of the gifted young sculptress. There seems to be but one opinion as to the surpassing beauty of the statue as a work of art. But some think the figure only a feeble representation of the scene attempted. There is scarcely a sign of suffering or exhaustion in the lovely face and form lying so serenely before the spectator. Other's say that historical accuracy has been preserved; and that the Beatrice who slept in her cell on the night before execution, bore in her person scarcely any signs of the bodily torture, and mental anguish, she had endured. Be this as it may, the fact assumed is difficult of belief; and the statue, wonderful in skill and beauty as it is, will always be open to this criticism. As for the artist, she is entitled to the highest meed of praise.

## HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

"Let the business of everybody else alone, and attend to your own; don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study to make leisure hours useful; think twice before you throw away a shilling—remember you will have another to make for it; find recreation over your own business; buy low, sell fair, and take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and if you find an error, trace it out; should a stroke of misfortune come over your trade, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track; confront difficulties with unceasing perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should fail in the struggle, you will be honored, but shrink from the task, and you will be despised."

## EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART.

Our Art-loving citizens have enjoyed a pleasure of no ordinary character, in the exhibition of oil and water color paintings, by British artists, at the Academy of Fine Arts, among which were several acknowledged specimens of the new Pre-Raphaelite school, and many others in close approximation. There was hardly an indifferent picture in the whole catalogue, and very many of the highest order of merit. We think that the new school of English painters is destined to correct a great deal of false taste in Art, and to give the world some better notions as to truth, beauty, and harmony. The "old masters" have ruled long enough, and we hail these tokens of emancipation right gladly.

## PEOPLE'S LITERARY INSTITUTE.

The lectures delivered in our city during the past Winter, under the auspices of this Institution, were of an unusually attractive character. The best, in our estimation, was that given by Curtis, on "Sir Philip Sydney; or, The Gentleman." At least, we enjoyed it most. Beecher and Chapin drew large houses, and Emerson a select but highly intellectual audience. Arrangements are already in progress, under direction of the People's Literary Institute, for a still more brilliant series of lectures next Winter.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are frequently requested to return articles with criticisms, if not accepted; but we have neither the time nor the taste for such work, however willing we may feel to oblige. Young writers should refer their productions to a judicious friend, if in any doubt. An editor rarely has leisure for revision and criticism, and hardly ever goes beyond the first pages of a manuscript that opens with a bad style, or exhibits marked defects in composition.

## WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

The *State Journal*, Springfield, Ill., says of the "Home Magazine:" "The pure moral tone which pervades this Magazine cannot but make it a favorite. It is the best of the two dollar monthlies."

The *Journal*, Jacksonville, Ill., says; "The title of this Magazine indicates its character. We regard it as deservedly the most popular of the two dollar Magazines. Its contents are always of a character that may be placed in the hands of the young with perfect safety."

From the *Ohio Cultivator:* "There is always a brightening of eyes in the household when we carry home this Magazine. JENNIE says it is the best of them all."

From the *Barnstable Patriot:* "We do not know of another American periodical which deservedly holds the same place in the family circle, 'as a messenger of things pure, lovely, and of good report,' as the 'Lady's Home Magazine.'"

The Lansingburg, N. Y., *Gazette* says: "Its pages are fraught with humor without coarseness, chasteness without prudery, and sentiment without mawkishness."

## WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

A lady writes: "In renewing my subscription for the *Home Magazine*, I cannot refrain from expressing my thanks for the many pleasant moments passed in perusing it. And not pleasant only, but profitable; for I can truly say, I have never laid down the book without feeling deeply its pure teachings, and being profited by them."

Another says: "Determined on taking your Magazine this year, I have, by dint of the strictest economy, laid by from my household expenses the desired amount, $2, to enable me to become a subscriber. It has taken me nearly two months, little by little, to lay up this very small sum of money; but you will not, perhaps, so much wonder that it has taken me so long a time to save so small a sum, when I inform you that my husband hands me four dollars on every Monday morning, and with that I manage to defray the expenses of our family, seven in number, and still have laid by a little at the end of each week, until I now have enough to send for a Magazine. I have merely written this that you may know that your Magazine has a strong hold upon the hearts of many of its readers."

☞ Many thanks, again, to the Home Magazine's hosts of friends, for their liberal aid in extending its circulation. The hard times has made it more difficult than usual to get up clubs during the Winter, but as the Spring opens and business revives, many additions can be made; and so we ask still to be remembered. The "Home Magazine" has a good work to do, and seeks therefore, the widest possible sphere.

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When empty, the sides of this Portfolio are in close contact, but as both the hinges and fastening are elastic, it is capable of taking in a large number of sheets, and, whether the number is large or small—whether two sheets or five hundred—they are kept closely and securely together. As the Portfolio opens like a book, papers of any description may be placed in it without being folded, and thus kept in the very best condition for reference. When letters are filed in it, the pressure exerted by the steady and permanent contraction of the hinges and fastening soon removes all the folds.

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"Wheeler & Wilson's machines are the favorites for *families*, being especially adapted to that purpose. They work more rapidly, with less friction, and with a greater economy of thread than most, if not all others."—*N. Y. Times.*

"The Wheeler & Wilson machine has secured and justly maintains the pre-eminence for sewing every kind of material.—It works equally well upon silk, linen, woolen, and cotton goods; seaming, quilting, gathering, hemming, &c., with a strength and beauty superior to any handwork."—*N. Y. Express.*

"Wheeler & Wilson's is beyond all question *the* machine for family use."—*Life Illus.*

"There is not an invention of this inventive age which honors American genius more than the sewing machine. No family ought to be deprived of its benefits."—*Independent.*

"A sewing machine is among the most useful and economical articles housekeepers can purchase. In looking out for the best, it would be well to see the machines of Wheeler & Wilson before purchasing elsewhere."—*Examiner.*

"Wheeler & Wilson's machines are the best ever offered to public patronage. They are simple and durable; easily kept in repair; work without noise; sew with great rapidity; make an even and firm stitch on both sides, that will not rip; economize thread, and are applicable to every purpose and material common to the art in question."—*Christian Inq.*

"Wheeler & Wilson's machines combine everything that can be required in the manufacture of garments."—*Obs.*

"The Wheeler & Wilson is *the* machine par excellence for family use, and we recommend it most emphatically."—*Advocate & Journal.*

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"The Wheeler & Wilson sewing machines are the principal supply of the vast demand of the fashionable world, and as they are adapted to every style of sewing, they are of vast importance."—*Daily News.*

"Wheeler & Wilson's machines combine all the improvements that have been invented for sewing, and are the machines par excellence for family sewing, and for manufacturers generally. Indeed, we see nothing to add or abate, and consider them a triumph of mechanical genius."—*N. Y. Journal.*

"The Wheeler & Wilson celebrated machines are pre-eminently calculated for family use, and for this purpose have no equal."—*Musical World.*

"Full examination has resulted in a most thorough conviction of the superiority of Wheeler & Wilson's machines, and of their perfect adaptation to family sewing in all its varieties. The speed averages about twelve hundred stitches per minute, though they may be run at double this. Fifty dozens of shirt collars, or six dozens of shirt bosoms are a day's work. Their efficiency is equal to at least twelve seamstresses. Sewing is rendered a pleasing and healthful employment."—*Golden Prize.*

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"The Wheeler & Wilson is the company par excellence that manufactures family sewing machines."—*U. S. Jour.*

"I find your machine invaluable. I have used it a year, and it has never been out of order. The stitch is very durable, and can be adapted to fine or coarse materials. It works with the rapidity of a dozen pairs of hands; saves much time, fatigue, and expense. One of your machines is used in my father's family, another in the household of a sister, and others by various friends. The opinions of all accord with that I have just expressed."—*Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie.*

"There is but one sewing machine, and that is Wheeler & Wilson's."—*Judge Meigs, of the American Institute.*

"The sewing machine purchased of you has been wholly serviceable."—*Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood.*

"The most practicable invention adapted to common use."—*Com. Mechanics Institute.*

"The sewing machine will work as great a change in the family as railways have in communities and States."—*Hon. N. P. Banks' Address at the Crystal Palace.*

"Mrs. Vinton desires me to express to you her entire satisfaction with your sewing machine, which she has recommended to several of our friends. I may add that, judging from the frequency of the rapid tick of the machine, it promotes both industry and pleasure. My purse bears witness that the sewing machine, among its other excellences, is a household economy. Mrs. Vinton joins the other gentlewomen in the public commendation."—*Rev. Dr. Francis Vinton.*

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